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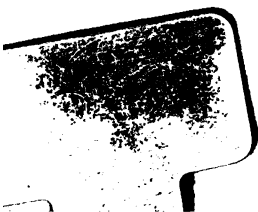




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A  
BOOK OF ANECDOTES,  
RELIGIOUS,  
INTERESTING AND PRACTICAL;

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

BY

MATTHEW DENTON.

---

I will pay the vows which I made unto thee in my trouble.

What is given to the cause of God, is not spent, but put to interest ! God is security for the reimbursement ; so that the payment is infallible.—*Dr. Hickes.*

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IN GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND, AND AMERICA.

1842.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]



## PREFACE.

---

I little intended, at one time, to bring these Anecdotes, &c. before the public. Several of them I have had in my possession many years. In my younger days, to help my memory, I kept a Scrap Book, wherein I inserted anything that was remarkable. Many of the Anecdotes I have related from the pulpit; some of which will perhaps still be fresh in the recollection of the reader. I am aware that several useful volumes of a religious and moral character, are already in the hands of the public; yet I think the present one embraces a new object,

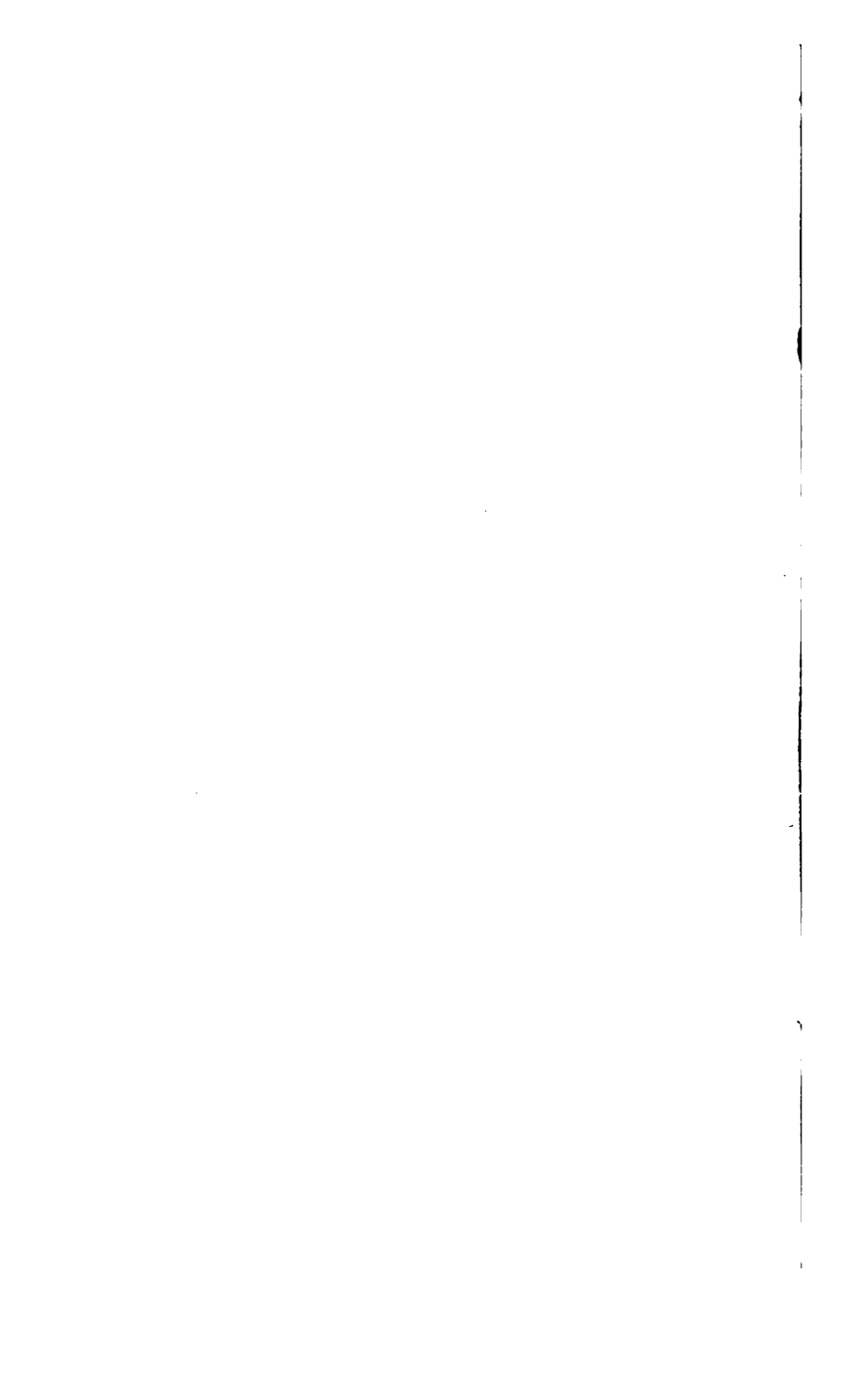
“ Mine is the task to glean through ev’ry field,  
And cull the fragrant flower that each may yield,  
And then for public use present the store.”

An old writer says that “variety delights.” This the reader will find, if nothing else; for the volume contains (in addition to the Anecdotes,) poetry, epitaphs, and many little short sayings of wise and great men, which are very valuable, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of the diamond. Hoping that this volume will be profitable to all those who honour it with a perusal, I commission my first public effort in the words of Southey

Go little book, from this my solitude,  
I cast thee on the waters, go thy ways!  
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,  
The world will find thee after many days.

M. D.

*Beverley, Jan. 1842.*



# INDEX.

	Page		Page
<b>ACTION</b> , a call to .....	25	<b>Change</b> , the .....	56
<b>Adieu</b> .....	127	<b>Character</b> , decision of .....	62
<b>Affecting illustration</b> .....	87	<b>Charity</b> .....	110
<b>Affection for Christ</b> .....	182	— rewarded .....	1
—, parental and filial		<b>Charles XII of Sweden</b> ..	165
of Quintus and his son ..	32	<b>Child and the puppet</b> .....	4
<b>Agency</b> , christian .....	53	<b>Children</b> .....	67
<b>Allegorical difficulty</b> .....	44	<b>Chinese</b> , the .....	52
<b>Alexander the Great</b> ..130, 203		— Emperor .....	129
—, late Emperor of		<b>Christ</b> .....	89
Russia .....	23	— powerful .....	9
<b>Ambition</b> .....	125	—, nothing lost by ser-	
<b>Anger</b> .....	151	ving .....	12
<b>Antoninus</b> .....	174	— triumphs .....	97
<b>Antony the monk</b> .....	183	— crucified .....	104, 114
<b>Apostacy</b> , reward of .....	214	— cross .....	116
<b>Apostrophe</b> , an impressive	46	— knowledge .....	151
<b>Atheism in France</b> .....	8	<b>Christianity</b> .....	170
<b>BACKSLIDER</b> , awful death		—, practical .....	7
of a .....	65	<b>Christians</b> , dying .....	107, 190
<b>Baxter</b> , R. ....	16	—, kings .....	108
—, treatment of by		—, ricketty .....	118
Judge Jefferies .....	41	<b>Church</b> , first christian ....	98
<b>Bells</b> .....	161	—, excuses for not at-	
<b>Beza</b> .....	52	tending .....	113
<b>Bible</b> , consolation of .....	206	— security .....	159
—, love to .....	109	<b>Clarkeson</b> , Thomas .....	31
—, precious .....	139	<b>Comedy of life</b> .....	161
<b>Bishop</b> , a German .....	5	<b>Company</b> , bad .....	172
— and his birds, the ..	211	<b>Conqueror</b> .....	126
<b>Body and soul</b> .....	41	<b>Conscience</b> .....	32, 180
<b>Bones</b> .....	164	<b>Creation</b> , works of .....	123
<b>Bottomley</b> , Rev S. ....	25	<b>Cripple</b> , the poor .....	39
<b>Bulstrode</b> , Judge, remark by	175	<b>Cross bends</b> , the .....	137
<b>Bunyan</b> , J., and the Bishop	19	<b>Crown</b> , who shall have the	
<b>Byron</b> , Lord, lines by ....	174	brightest .....	94
<b>CALVIN</b> , J. ....	179	<b>Customs</b> , ancient .....	173
<b>Care bay and comfort har-</b>		<b>DEATH</b> .....	133, 150
<b>bour</b> .....	2	—, composure in ....	47
<b>Chalmers</b> , Dr. ....	208	— of the sinner .....	213
		<b>Devotion</b> , private .....	101

	Page		Page
Deity, idea of, by a deaf and dumb lad .....	25	Glories of heaven .....	124
Difference between go and come .....	63	God, glory of .....	142
Diligence .....	163	—, reliance on ....	107, 192
Disadvantages of eloquent preaching .....	177	—, estimate of .....	107
Disobedience to parents ..	179	—, power and wisdom ..	107, 120
Drunkenness, gradations of	135	—, ascribe all success to	150
EAGLE, flight of and her young .....	45	—, lamb of .....	152
Earthenware man's prayer	26	—, careth for his people	164
Earthly vicissitudes .....	167	—, knowledge of .....	154
— objects .....	142	—, the wicked curse ..	53
Easter offering .....	24	—, love .....	122
Economy, liberal .....	37	Good seed .....	9
Emperor, a Roman .....	161	Gospel .....	93, 127
Enthusiasm, pure .....	48	— privileges .....	146
Enoch .....	92	Government of the tongue	45
Epitaph .....	118	Great Britain .....	181
— on a miser .....	182	— salvation .....	147
— on a polite gentleman	205	HALIBURTON .....	52
— in Gillingham		Happy days .....	98
— church yard .....	113	Harris, Rev. Dr. ....	11
— in Ripon minster		Heathen Gods .....	173
— yard .....	173	Henry II. ....	164
Equitable Savage .....	7	— III. ....	173
Eternity .....	104, 135	— VIII. ....	167
Example, important .....	43	— IV. of France ..	173
—, influence of .....	171	Heroes, christian .....	170
FAITH .....	29, 193	Heroism .....	137
Family worship .....	101	Hill, Rowland .....	130
Fear .....	94	Hints for christians ..	186
Females, heroic .....	199	— mothers .....	2
Fisherman's letter .....	80	— preachers .....	175
Fool, wise .....	35, 116	— the talkative ..	45
—, rich .....	103	Holiness .....	141
Foolish exchange .....	154	Honesty of an Indian ..	47
Force of love .....	158	Hope .....	120, 121
Forgiveness .....	162	Horrors of war .....	149
Fox the quaker .....	40	Howard .....	87
—, commandments of ..	98	Human life, estimate of ..	101
France, marshal of .....	3	— mortality .....	109
GALEN .....	49	Hutton, Bishop .....	26
Gardiner, Col. ....	162	I am a christian .....	4
Genius, achievements of ..	49	Idleness .....	172
George III .....	129	Idolatry .....	169
Gin, annual expenditure		Ignorance .....	20
for, in London .....	216	Image worship .....	182
		Indian, an .....	133
		Infidelity .....	121
		Inscription on a bell ..	94
		Insolence checked .....	64
		Intemperance .....	200

	Page		Page
Irish boy and catholic priest	198	Passing Bell.....	195
JEWELS, the .....	72	Paulinus .....	206
Joy in harvest .....	163	Pearl of great price.....	193
Judgment day .....	181	Pennies .....	134
Judicious sentence .....	43	Peroration.....	100
KITCHEN divine .....	27	Perseverance of a lady....	8
LAVATER .....	81	Philip, Rev. Dr. ....	11
Law .....	162	Piety and sensibility..	114, 190
Leangafa, passage of a letter from.....	215	Pity .....	215
Leslie, professor .....	62	Plainness of speech .....	6
Life and Death.....	29	Poor Mary .....	97
London .....	215	Pope's curse, bell, book and candle, on a heretic ....	102
Looking to Jesus .....	134	Popish mass, negro boy's opinion of .....	207
—— glass .....	5	Prayer .....	66, 103, 193
Loss of memory .....	99	—— answered .....	57, 76
Love, christian.....	182	Preach Christ .....	148
Luther .....	9	Preacher, travelling.....	214
MALAY book, extracts from	94	Pride.....	96
Man .....	106	Prince Christopher Radzivil	195
Martyn, Rev. H.....	204	——, Asiatic .....	22
Martyrs of Sebastian ....	166	Procrastination .....	57, 216
Mead, Matthew .....	66	Prosperity.....	109
Melancholy .....	40	Providence .....	128, 183
Mercy.....	106, 183	QUAKER, the rigid .....	215
—— for sinners .....	157	RAPHAEL.....	52
Minister, American.....	25	Readers.....	146
Missions, christian .....	118	Reading, profitable .....	96
Missionary, royal.....	13	——, love of.....	151
——, meeting ....	73	Recognition in a future world.....	213
——, zeal.....	113	Reflections serious .....	104
Monuments in memory of warriors.....	164	—— on temporal en- joyments .....	90
Morton, Earl of .....	51	Religion .....	156
Mother, request of a dying	35	—— improves the cir- cumstances .....	86
Munster .....	52	—— testimony to ....	192
NATURE and art.....	86	Repentance .....	121
Negress, faithful .....	24	—— tower of ....	19
Negro praying .....	112	Reverse of fortune .....	96
Negroes, American .....	11	Riches and happiness ....	105
Newton, John .....	12	Robinson, Rev. R. ....	38
—— Sir Isaac .....	99	Romaine, Mr. ....	31
OLD authors, selecting from	110	Romulus .....	161
PARDON .....	163	SABBATH, nothing lost by keeping .....	119
—— for sinners.....	184	Saints at the resurrection..	148

	Page		Page
Scottish wit .....	30	Spilsbury .....	172
Scriptures .....	156	Story, remarkable.....	60
——— deference to.....	71	St. Gregory .....	162
Sermons.....13, 34, 48,	82	—, Paul's Cathedral ....	156
Serpents.....	30		
——— wise as, and harm-		TERTULLIAN .....	163
less as doves .....	34	Thankfulness for the gift of	
Servant, praying .....	37	God's Son .....	92
——— example of a pious	168	They say .....	185
——— enlightened, yet dis-		Tombs .....	113
obedient, beaten with		Trajan .....	165
many stripes.....	144	Trials productive of good..	3
Seven sacraments.....	57	Triumph, christian .....	204
Sinner forgiven.....	9		
Six physicians .....	49	UNION is strength .....	169
Slander.....99,	115		
Slaves to sin .....	168	VIRTUE .....	95
Soldiers, dying .....	4		
———, widow.....	10	WAKEFIELD, Gilbert....	104
———, soliloquy at Blen-		Walls, the best.....	151
heim .....	127	Wesley, Rev. J. ....	44
———, christian.....	163	Widow's son.....	76
Soul, value of .....	147	——— friend .....	131
———, lost .....	143	Woman, an old.....	10
Sovereigns, strange fate of	72	World, separation from ..	108
Spence, R.....	53	———, picture of .....	180

## ANECDOTES, &c.

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*Charity Rewarded.*—A very poor woman, in Wales, was always observed when a collection was made at the chapel, to put a penny in the plate. One of the Elders said to her, one day, "Betty, how is it I always see you drop something in the plate? Where do you get it?" "Oh Sir, I do not know; the Lord knows my heart, and my good will to his cause; and, somehow or other, when a collection is to be made, I am sure to have my penny before me; and when it comes, I put it in the plate." "Well," said he, "you have been faithful in a little; take this sovereign, and do what you will with it." "A sovereign, Sir," said she; "I never had so much money in my life as a sovereign: what shall I do with a sovereign?" "I dare say you will find means of spending it," said he, "if your heart is devoted to the Lord's cause." Presently one of the Elders of a distant church came round to this church for subscriptions to erect a chapel in a part of Wales, where it was much needed. He went to one of the elders, who gave him half-a-sovereign, and another five shillings; and these were thought considerable sums in Wales, where the people are very poor. Not liking to pass by any one member, he asked this poor woman what she would do. She said, "put my name down for a sovereign." "A sovereign," said he—"Why where did you get a sovereign from?" "Oh, Sir," said she, "I got it honestly: put my name down for a sovereign." She gave him the sovereign; and in a fortnight afterwards, a letter came from Doctors' Commons, to tell her a friend had just left her £100.—*Rev. J. Sherman.*

*Care Bay, and Comfort Harbour.*—A minister one day went to John Newton in great distress of mind, and after the good man had asked him how he was, said, “O ! Sir, I am very distressed, my mind is exceedingly low, my prospects respecting the ministry are very dead and cold, and I fear I never shall be an instructor such as I ought to be.” “Ah !” said the good man, with a promptitude peculiar to himself, “that reminds me of a dream I had last night—I dreamt I was in such seas, as I had never in all my life experienced before ; the waves ran mountains high, and the storm perpetually increased, and almost all hope that the vessel would be saved was given up by the entire crew ; but all at once we came to such delightfully smooth water as I had hardly ever seen before, wearing such a glassy surface, and exhibiting such extreme beauties in the extended landscape. “Dear me,” said I, “what a beautiful place is this ?” A person on the shore exclaimed, “Oh ! Sir, do not you know what place this is ?” I said, “No, Sir.” Said he, “this is Comfort Harbour.” “Comfort Harbour ! a very appropriate name ; and what place is that out yonder, those dreadful seas where I have come from ?” “Oh ! Sir, that is Care Bay.” “Care Bay ; indeed it has given me much anxiety and care.” “Oh !” said he, “but it is the law of the Lord of these seas, that no man shall enter Comfort Harbour, before he has passed through Care Bay.” He saw the drift of the parable, and the relief which it afforded to his mind was delightful : had he given him ten thousand instructions in a prosaic form, they would not have told so much either upon his understanding or his memory, as that beautiful model of a parable did.—*Ibid.*

*Hint to Mothers.*—Mothers ! bring your little ones to Jesus. Bring them by faith ; and if Satan seems to stand and rebuke—if a wicked and unbelieving world, by its example and its influence and its maxims, seems to

rebuke—still bring your little ones to Christ, still press even to his feet, and never bear your mother's burdens alone, but roll them upon a breast that beats in sympathy with yours; roll them upon the heart, and roll them upon the arms of the blessed Redeemer. Bring them to Jesus as their Sovereign, and teach their wills to bow to his will. Bring them to Jesus as their pattern. It is said of a Grecian mother, that, when Alexander the Great was passing in the crowd, with his tall helmet and waving plumes, she raised up her child above her head, and said to him, "Look there! that is Alexander the Great, and you must be another." We only point the heathen mother to you to take a high example; take the example of Jesus, and teach your child His blessed history, and say—"There, my child! be like Jesus; tread in the footsteps of Jesus."—*Rev. E. N. Kirk.*

A MARSHALL of France, mortally wounded in a great battle, exclaimed in madness—"I will not die." He invoked the name of Napoleon, as if the mighty Emperor could save him from death: but he died.

*Trials productive of good.*—"I remember," says Mr. Whitfield, "some years ago when I was at Shields, I went into a glass-house; and, standing very attentive, I saw several masses of burning glass, of various forms. The workman took a piece of glass and put it into one furnace, then he put it into a second, and then into a third. I said to him, "Why do you put this through so many fires?" He answered, "O, Sir, the first was not hot enough, nor the second; therefore we put it into a third, and that will make it transparent." This furnished Mr. W. with a useful hint, that we must be tried and exercised with many fires, until our dross be purged away, and we are made fit for the owner's use.

*Child and the Puppet.*—It is said of a parent that he once amused his child by hiding himself, and making a puppet dance before him; but the child soon found him out. "I know," said he, "what makes the figure move, for I see the hand of my father behind it." A child should be taught early to trace the hand of his Heavenly Father, not only in the works of creation, but in the common concerns of life.—*The Boy's week-day Book.*

*"I am a Christian."*—In what may be called the heroic age of the church, martyrs, amid storms and tempests, and when they were brought to the rack, refused to bend, or compromise, or quail. We are told of one—and he is but an example—who, when brought before the tribunal of judgment, from whence he was to receive the doom of death, and asked, "What is thy name?" replied, "I am a christian." "What is thine occupation?" "I am a christian." "What is thy native country?" "I am a christian." "Who were thine ancestors?" "I am a christian." My brethren, emulate the spirit, and imitate the example! Rise superior alike to the world's reproach and scorn! Wear the badge of your religion like a diadem on your brow, openly and unconcealed! In youth and in age; in publicity, and in retirement; in health, and in sickness; in life and in death; be this your proclamation—I am a christian.—*Rev. J. Parsons.*

*A dying Soldier.*—I have read about a dying soldier, and a dying officer. The soldier was wounded at the battle of Waterloo, and carried by his companion to some distance, and laid down at the foot of a tree, where his companion, at his request, read to him a few verses of the Bible; upon which he said, "I die happy, for I possess the peace of God which passeth all understanding." A little while after, one of the officers passed him, and

seeing him in a very exhausted state, asked him how he did? He answered him as he said formerly to his companion, and then expired. The officer was soon after mortally wounded, and when surrounded by his brother officers, full of anguish and dismay, he cried out, "Oh! I would give ten thousand worlds that I possessed that peace which gladdened the heart of the dying soldier, whom I saw lying under the tree. I know nothing of this peace! I die miserable! for I die in despair!"—*Rev. A. Gun.*

*A German Bishop.*—Luther mentions a warm contest between a Duke of Saxony and a Bishop of Germany, insomuch that the Duke determined to go to war with him; but previously he sent a spy to observe the Bishop's motions; upon his return—"Come," said he, "what is the Bishop doing?" "Oh," answered he, "you may easily surprise him, for he is making no preparation for war." "But what then says the Bishop?" "Oh! he says, that he will continue to feed his flock as before, that he will preach the word more than ever—and as to the war, if it take place, he will commit it to the Lord, and trust in Him." "Then," said the Duke, "let the Devil wage war with him—I will not."—*Rev. W. Jay.*

*The looking glass.*—In the vast country of Louisiana, in America, a Catholic Missionary had been sent for the conversion of the Indians; but some of the most ferocious tribes surrounded him, and were just about to put him to a cruel death. Having a small looking glass which he had artfully concealed beneath his clothes, and placing it on his breast, he, in a plaintive tone, remonstrated with them on the cruelty and ingratitude of their killing a man who had them all in his heart. The astonished savages each in his turn beholding his own figure in the glass, (a piece of art they had never seen before) con-

verted their rage into admiration and esteem for a man who thus had them all in his heart!—*Charlevoix's Travels*.

*Plainness of speech recommended.*—While Dr. Thomas Manton was minister at Covent Garden, London, he was invited to preach before the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, and the Companies of the city, upon some public occasion, at St. Paul's. The Doctor chose some difficult subject, in which he had an opportunity of displaying his judgment and learning, and appearing to the best advantage. He was heard with the admiration and applause of the more intelligent part of the audience, and was invited to dine with the Lord Mayor, and received public thanks for his performance. But upon his return in the evening to Covent Garden, a poor man following him, gently plucked him by the sleeve of his gown, and asked him if he were the gentleman who had preached that day before the Lord Mayor? He replied he was. "Sir," said he, "I came with earnest desires after the word of God, and hopes of getting some good to my soul, but I was greatly disappointed; for I could not understand a great deal of what you said; you were quite above me." The Doctor replied, with tears in his eyes, "Friend, if I did not give you a sermon, you have given me one; and, by the grace of God, I will never play the fool to preach before my Lord Mayor in such a manner again."—*Manton's Life*.

It is remarked by Job Orton, in his *Memoirs of Dr. Doddridge*, that, having once preached about the primitive christians, when one day walking, a person came up to him and asked what sort of christians the primitive christians were? "I told him," said the biographer, "they were the first christians; and I took care, ever after, to use the phrase, first christians, and not the primitive christians."

*The equitable savage.*—A young missionary of very high calvinistic sentiments, was sent to labour amongst the Indians in the western frontiers of America. On one occasion he took for his text, “Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated;” and expatiated in his usual strain on the doctrine of the divine decrees. He asserted that Jacob, being elected to eternal life, was always blessed of God with grace and spiritual mercies, till he was finally brought to heaven; but that Esau, being reprobated, was cursed of God continually during his life, and afterwards sent to dwell with everlasting burnings. A shrewd native heard this discourse with great attention, and invited the preacher to accompany him to his wigwam. Being arrived, they entered into various conversation; and at length the Indian assuming a very serious countenance, said, “Sir, I have a wife, who brought me two children at one birth; one of which she caressed and delighted to nourish, but the other she neglected and murdered. What shall I do with her.” “Hang her! hang her!” exclaimed the missionary; “she is not fit to live.” “Go, then,” replied the native, “and hang him whom you worship, for his cruelty to poor Esau.”

*Practical Christianity.*—During the siege of Barcelona by the Spaniards and English, in the war of the succession, in 1705, an affecting incident occurred, which is thus related by Captain Carleton, in his memoirs. “I remember I saw an old officer, having his only son with him, (a fine man about twenty years of age) going into the tent to dine. Whilst they were at dinner, a shot from the Bastion of St. Antonio took off the head of the son. The father immediately rose up, first looking down upon his headless child, and then lifting up his eyes to heaven, whilst the tears ran down his cheeks, only said,—Thy will be done. It was a sad spectacle, and truly it affects me even now whilst I am writing.”

*Atheism in France.*—Atheism was first taught in France, in 1629, by Lucilio Vanini, a Neapolitan gentleman, who was convicted and condemned to suffer death.

When he was brought out to the place of execution, he was pressed to ask pardon of God, of the king, and of justice. He answered, he did not believe there was a God ; as for the king, he had never offended him ; and with respect to justice, it might go to the devil ! His tongue was first cut out, and then his body burned to ashes.—*Etymological Compendium.*

*Perseverance of a Lady.*—A lady, in Ireland, called upon a member of the Jewish persuasion, and solicited his subscription in aid of the society for promoting the education of the poor Irish. The Jew, after hearing the arguments she used in favour of the scriptural education of the poor Irish, gave a shilling, and told her to be thankful for that trifle, and not to trouble him again. She, however, called upon him a second time, at the expiration of a month. and asked him for his monthly subscription. " I am no subscriber," replied the Jew, and therefore why trouble me more about your Society ? " The lady pleaded the cause so efficiently, that the Jew subscribed another shilling. In another month the lady called a third time, used the same arguments as before, but for a long time without effect. " I am no christian," said the Jew, " and therefore why call upon me to support a society founded to support the doctrine of christianity—a doctrine in which I place no faith ? I am what is termed an unbeliever." The lady, as the Jew proceeded, became more urgent, and he was at length persuaded to subscribe his third shilling. A few days elapsed, when the lady called again : " Did I not tell you " said the Jew, " never to trouble me again ? I am determined not to give one farthing more." " I am come," observed the lady, " to bring you the receipt for

your quarter's subscription, and at the same time, to leave for your perusal, the annual report of the society." The lady left, and promised to call again in a week, which she did; when the Jew received her with open arms, exclaiming, "I have read your report; it has effected my conversion. I am no more a Jew—I am now a christian !

*The power of Christ.*—Gideon, a converted Indian, was one day attacked by a savage, who, presenting his gun to his head, exclaimed, "Now I will shoot you, for you speak of nothing but Jesus." Gideon answered, "If Jesus does not permit you, you cannot shoot me." The savage was so struck with this answer, that he dropped his gun and went home in silence.

*Good seed.*—When the venerable Asbury, through age and infirmities, was not able to preach, he loaded his carriage with bibles and testaments, which he distributed as he travelled, then he congratulated himself and said, "If ever I sowed good seed in my life, I am sure I am sowing it now."

*Luther.*—A young man walking in the fields with Luther, was struck dead at his side by lightning. It is said that this awful circumstance made the first serious impressions on the mind of the great Reformer. Reader ! have thy deliverances been the means of doing thee any spiritual good.

*The sinner forgiven.*—A German prince passing through France, visited the arsenal of Toulon where the galleys are kept, the commandant, as a compliment to his rank, said he was welcome to set any one slave at liberty whom he should choose to select. The prince willing to make the best use of this privilege, spoke to many of

them in succession, inquiring why they were condemned to the galleys; injustice, oppression, false-accusation, were the only causes they could assign; they were all innocent and ill-treated; at last he came to one, who, when asked the same question, answered to this effect, "My Lord, I have been a very wicked, desperate wretch, I have often deserved to be broken alive on the wheel, I account it a great mercy that I am here." The prince fixed his eyes upon him, gave him a gentle blow upon the head, and said, "You wicked wretch, it is a pity you should be placed among so many honest men; by your own confession you are bad enough to corrupt them all, but you shall not stay with them another day." Then turning to the officer he said, "This is the man, Sir, whom I should wish to see released."

Was not this a wise decision? Must not all who hear the story allow that the man who was so sensible of his guilt, and so submissive to his punishment, was in all probability the most worthy of pardon and the most likely not to abuse it. Though the ways of God and his thoughts are higher than ours, yet upon some occasions, and when their own concerns are not in question, men by their judgments shew that they can form no just objection to his.—*Rev. J. Newton.*

*A soldier's widow.*—A soldier's widow contributed to the Dorpat Branch of the Russian Bible Society a rouble, and to the question whether that sum was not rather too much for one in her circumstances, she answered, "Love is not afraid of giving too much."—*Anecdotes.—The Holy Scriptures.*

*An old woman.*—Some gentlemen belonging to a Bible association called upon an old woman and inquired if she had a Bible; she was very angry at being asked such a question, and replied, "Do you think, gentlemen,

that I am a heathen, that you ask me such a question ?” Then calling to a little girl, she said, “ Run and fetch the Bible out of the drawer, that I may show it to the gentlemen.” They desired she would not take the trouble, but she insisted that they should see she was not a heathen. Accordingly the Bible was brought, nicely covered ; on opening it, the old woman exclaimed, “ Well ! how glad I am that you called and asked about the Bible ! here are my spectacles ! I have been looking for them these three years, and did not know where to find them.” Might not she be called a heathen ?

*Rev. Dr. Harris.*—The Rev. Dr. Harris in several successive wills which he made, always renewed this legacy, “ Item, I bequeath to all my children, and children’s children, to each of them, a Bible, with this inscription, ‘ None but Christ.’ ” A noble legacy, truly !

*American Negroes.*—Two negroes, in the southern part of America, who had just been hearing a sermon, were conversing together respecting it ; when one remarked he could not understand. The other replied he understood all but one word. “ What dat ? ” asked his companion. “ De word perseverance,” was the answer ; to which the other rejoined, “ O me tell you what dat is. It mean, take right hold : hold fast ; hang on, and no let go.”—*Anecdotes.—Christian Missions.*

*Rev. Dr. Philip.*—Dr. Philip, in a speech at an anniversary of the London Missionary Society, alluded to a remark made by Mr. Newton.—“ When I get to heaven, I shall see three wonders there : the first wonder will be to see many people there whom I did not expect to see ; the second wonder will be to miss many people whom I did expect to see ; and the third, and greatest wonder of all, will be to find myself there.” “ I have also,” says

Dr. P. "seen three wonders : I have seen men of great wealth and of great talents, who have had many opportunities of forwarding the cause of God, do nothing ; I have seen many humble and despised individuals, but whose hearts were right with God, do wonders ; but the greatest wonder of all, is, to find that so humble an individual as I am should have been at all useful in the work. I take nothing unto myself but shame and humiliation before God."—*Ibid.*

*Nothing lost by serving Christ.*—A godly man who lived near a philosopher, often tried to persuade him to become a christian. Oh ! but said the philosopher, I must, or may lose all for Christ ; to which the good man replied, if you lose any thing for Christ, he will be sure to repay it a hundred-fold. Aye, but, said the philosopher, will you be bound for Christ, that if he doth not pay me, you will ? Yes, that I will, said the good man ! So the philosopher became a christian, and the good man entered into bond for performance of covenants. Some time after, it happened that the philosopher fell sick on his death-bed, and holding the bond in his hand, sent for the party engaged ; to whom he gave up the bond, and said, Christ hath paid all, there is nothing for you to pay ; take your bond, I cancel it ; Christ suffers none of his children to go by the loss ; he hath all, and he will make up all to them ; in the close Christ will pay the reckoning. No man shall ever have cause to say that he hath been a loser by Christ.—*Rev. T. Brooks.*

*John Newton.*—The venerable and pious John Newton, in his last days, when asked how he felt his mind in the prospect of eternity, replied, " I am like a letter fully written, subscribed and sealed : and only waiting for the postman to call and take it to its destination.—*Rev. C. Hyatt.*

*On Reading Sermons.*—A preacher who reads his sermons, is in a position similar to that described in the following anecdote:—An honest countryman, after having been at church, where he heard a sermon read, was asked by his wife when he went home, how he liked the preacher? “Alas! woman,” said he, “he was as poor a preacher as ever I saw? he was just like a crow picking the corn, for he always put down his head for a pick, and then looked about to see if any person was coming near him.”—*Pulpit*, vol. ii.

*The Royal Missionary.*—A king of England, of happy memory, who loved his people and his God better than kings in general are wont to do, used, as the custom of the times then was, occasionally to take the exercise of hunting. Being out one day for this purpose, the chase lay through the skirts of W—— Forest; the stag had been hard run; and to escape the dogs, had crossed the river in a deep part. The dogs, however, could not be brought to follow: it became necessary to come up with it, to make a circuitous route along the banks of the river, through some thick and troublesome underwood. The roughness of the ground, the long grass and frequent thickets, gave opportunity for the sportsmen to separate from each other, each one endeavouring to make the best and speediest route he could. Before they had reached the end of the forest, the king's horse manifested signs of fatigue and weariness; so much so that his majesty resolved upon yielding the pleasures of the chase to those of compassion for his horse. With this view, he turned the first avenue in the forest, and determined on riding gently on to the oaks, there to wait for some of his attendants. His majesty had proceeded only a few yards, when instead of the cry of the hounds, he fancied that he heard the cry of human distress. As he rode forward he heard it more distinctly: “O my mother! my mother!

God pity and bless my poor mother!" The curiosity and kindness of the king, led him instantly to the spot: it was a little green plot on one side of the forest, where was spread on the grass, under a branching oak, a little pallet, half covered with a kind of tent: a basket or two, with some packs, lay on the ground. At a few paces distant from the tent, near to the foot of the tree, he observed a little swarthy-featured girl, about eight years of age, on her knees praying, while her little black eyes ran down with tears. Distress of any kind was ever relieved by his majesty; for he had a heart which melted at human woe—nor was it unaffected on this occasion; and now he inquired, "What, my child, is the cause of your weeping? for what do you pray?" The little creature at first started, then rose from her knees, and pointing to the tent, said, "O, Sir, my dying mother!" "What" said his majesty, dismounting, and fastening his horse to the branches of the oak,—“What my child, tell me all about it.” The little creature now led the king to the tent: there lay, partly covered, a middle aged female gipsy, in the last stages of a decline, and in the last moments of life. She turned her dying eyes expressly to the royal visitor, then looked up to heaven; but not a word did she utter; the organs of speech had ceased their office, the silver cord was loosed, the wheel broken at the cistern. The little girl again wept aloud, then stooping, wiped the dying sweat from her mother's face. The king much affected, asked the little girl of her name, and of her family, and how long her mother had been ill. Just at that moment, another gipsy girl, much older, came out of breath to the spot. She had been at the town of W——: she had brought some medicine for her dying mother. Observing a stranger, she modestly courtesied, kneeled down by her side, kissed her pallid lips, and burst into tears. "What, my dear child," said his majesty "can be done for you?" "O Sir," she

replied, " my dying mother wanted a religious person to teach her and to pray with her before she died. I ran all the way before it was light this morning, to W—, and asked for a minister ; but no one could I get to come with me to pray with my dear mother." The dying woman seemed sensible of what her daughter was saying, and her countenance was much agitated. The air was again rent with the cries of the distressed daughters.

The king, full of kindness, instantly endeavoured to comfort them : he said, " I am a minister, and God has sent me to instruct and comfort your mother." He then sat himself down on a pack, by the side of the pallet, and taking the hand of the dying gipsy in his, discoursed on the demerit of sin, and the nature of redemption ; he then pointed her to Christ, the all-sufficient Saviour. While the king was doing this, the poor creature seemed to gather consolation and hope : her eyes sparkled with brightness, and her countenance became animated ; she looked up—she smiled ; but it was her last smile, it was the glimmering of expiring nature. As the expression of peace, however, remained strong on her countenance, it was not till some little time had elapsed, that they perceived the struggling spirit had left mortality.

It was at this moment that some of his majesty's attendants, who had missed him at the chase, and who had been riding through the forest in search of him, rode up, and found the king comforting the afflicted gipsies. It was an affecting sight, worthy of everlasting record in the annals of kings.

His majesty now rose up, put some gold into the hands of the afflicted girls, promised them his protection, and bid them look to Heaven. He then wiped the tears from his eyes, and mounted his horse. His attendants greatly affected, stood in silent admiration. Lord L— was now going to speak, when his majesty turning to the

gipsies, and pointing to the breathless corpse, and to the weeping girls, said, with strong emotion, "Who my Lord L——, who thinkest thou was neighbour unto these?" Reader—"Go thou and do likewise."—*Pulpit.*

*Mr. Baxter.*—"Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee; the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain."—Psalm lxxvi. 10. The following striking interposition of Providence is stated to have taken place during Mr. Baxter's residence at Coventry. Several of the ministers ejected by the act of uniformity, who resided in the city, united with Mr. Baxter in establishing a lecture in a private house, on a neighbouring common; the time of worship was generally a very early hour. Mr. Baxter left Coventry in the evening, intending to preach the lecture the following morning; the night being dark, he lost his way, and after wandering about a considerable time, he came to a gentleman's house, where he asked for direction. The servant who came to the door, informed his master that a person of very respectable appearance had lost his way; the gentleman thinking it would be unsafe for such a person to be wandering on the common at so late an hour, requested the servant to invite him in. Mr. Baxter readily accepted the kind proposal, and met with a very hospitable reception. His conversation was such as to give his host an exalted idea of his good sense and his extensive information. The gentleman wishing to know the quality of his guest, said after supper, "As most persons have some employment or profession in life, I have no doubt, Sir, that you have yours." Mr. Baxter replied with a smile, "Yes Sir, I am a man catcher." "A man catcher," replied the gentleman, "are you, I am very glad to hear you say so, for you are the very person I want; I am a justice of the peace of this district, and am commissioned to secure the person of Dick Baxter, who is expected to

preach at a conventicle, early to-morrow morning, you shall go with me, and I doubt not we shall apprehend the rogue." Mr. Baxter very prudently consented to accompany him. Accordingly the gentleman on the following morning, took Mr. Baxter in his carriage to the place where the meeting was to be held; when they arrived at the spot, they saw a number of people hovering about, for seeing the carriage of the justice, and suspecting his intentions, they were afraid to enter the house. The justice observing this, said to Mr. Baxter, "I am afraid they have obtained some information of my design; Baxter has probably been apprised of it, and therefore will not fulfil his engagement, for you see the people will not go into the house; I think if we extend our ride a little further, our departure may encourage them to assemble, and on our return we may fulfil our commission.'" When they returned, they found their efforts useless, for the people still appeared unwilling to assemble. The magistrate thinking he should be disappointed of the object which he had in view, observed to his companion, that as the people were very much disaffected to government, he would be much obliged to him to address them on the subject of loyalty and behaviour. Mr. Baxter replied, that perhaps this would not be deemed sufficient, for as a religious service was the object for which they were met together, they would not be satisfied with advice of that nature; but if the magistrate would begin with prayer, he would then endeavour to say something to them. The gentleman replied, putting his hand to his pocket, "Indeed, Sir, I have not got my Prayer Book with me or I would readily comply with your proposal: however, I am persuaded that a person of your appearance and respectability would be able to pray with them as well as to talk to them, I beg therefore that you will be so good as to begin with prayer." This being agreed to, they alighted from the carriage and entered

the house, and the people hesitating no longer, immediately followed them. Mr. Baxter then commenced the service with prayer, and prayed with that seriousness and fervour for which he was so eminent. The magistrate standing by, was melted into tears. The good divine then preached in his accustomed lively and zealous manner; when he had concluded, he turned to the justice and said, "Sir, I am the very Dick Baxter of whom you are in pursuit, I am entirely at your disposal!" The magistrate however, had felt so much during the service, and saw things in so different a light, that he entirely laid aside all his enmity to the nonconformists, and afterwards became their sincere friend and advocate, and also a decided christian.—*The Messenger of Mercy.*

GEORGE VILLIERS, Duke of Buckingham, an accomplished courtier, and companion of Charles II, was distinguished for his open infidelity, and the ridicule with which he treated the sacred writings. His friend, John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, another fit companion of the same monarch, was equally remarkable for the dissoluteness of his manners, and for the pains he took to corrupt others. These two noblemen riding in the country, discovered Mr. Baxter at some distance, riding towards them. The person and character of that holy man were well known to them, and they loved a joke too well to suffer the present occasion to pass without one, even though it should be at the expense of decency and good manners. Upon Mr. Baxter's approach, therefore, the peers halted, and taking off their hats with the common salutation, they very gravely inquired, "Pray, Mr. Baxter, which is the nearest road to hell?" The good man, though astonished and shocked at the abruptness and profanity of the question, immediately replied,

"Rochester, some say,  
But Buckingham's the nearest way."

upon receiving which answer, the two peers slunk away silenced and confounded.

*The Tower of Repentance.*—On the top of a hill, near Hoddam Castle, stands a square tower, over the door of which are carved the figures of a dove and serpent, and between them, the word Repentance; whence the building is called the Tower of Repentance. It is said, that Sir Richard Steel, while riding near this place, saw a shepherd boy reading his bible; and asked him what he learned from it. "The way to heaven," answered the boy. "And can you shew it to me?" said Sir Richard, in banter. "Yes, you must go by that tower," said the lad, pointing to the Tower of Repentance.

*John Bunyan and the Bishop.*—John Bunyan, who, as most people know, was Pastor of the Baptist Church, at Bedford, was in the habit of preaching in the surrounding villages, frequently walked with a staff in his hand many miles a week for that purpose. In his itinerant excursions he was often met by the Bishop of Peterborough riding in his carriage. The Bishop's coachman, who was a Dissenter, and sometimes heard Bunyan preach, had made such representations of his wonderful talents, as excited his lordship's curiosity: he consequently ordered the man the next time he met with Mr. Bunyan, to let him know. The coachman in a short time met him on the high road; and as he was desired, stopped the carriage, intimated to his master that that was Mr. Bunyan, and to Mr. B. that his lordship wished to speak to him. The Bishop from his carriage window thus addressed the nonconformist: "Mr. Bunyan, I understand you are very clever at interpreting difficult passages of scripture; what do you think is the meaning of St. Paul, when he says to Timothy, 'The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring

with thee, and the books, but especially the parchments?" "Why, my Lord," said Bunyan, "the passage is quite simple: Paul was a travelling preacher; Timothy was a primitive Bishop; and in those days it was customary for Bishops to wait upon travelling preachers. Paul therefore instructs Timothy to look after his baggage, and bring it with him when he comes. Times are altered since then. Now Bishops ride, and travelling preachers walk! The Bishop threw himself back in his carriage, cried "humph," and ordered the coachman to drive on.

*Instances of deplorable ignorance.*—The coal miners in Scotland, as elsewhere, constitute almost a distinct race from the rest of the inhabitants of the district around them. Their simplicity, or rather ignorance, is proverbial, and administers occasion for many a witty remark to the neighbourhood. The Rev. Dr. R. of the parish of B. had a great number of this description under his spiritual care, and being anxious for their religious welfare, he took every opportunity of impressing on such as were fathers, the propriety of reading the scriptures in their families. A newly married man having come to the Doctor to request baptism to his first child, was most earnestly admonished to this practice, and he very seriously promised to observe it. When he came next time for the same purpose—"Well, John," said his pastor, "have you attended to my advice? Have you read the scriptures in your family as you promised?" "Oh, aye Sir," replied John, scratching his head, "certainly, Sir, in the summer time." "In the summer time," exclaimed the Doctor, "and why not at all times?" "Oh, you see, Sir," said John, "in the winter time we have not a bit of candle, and truth, Sir, I'm thinking that the cost would exceed the profit."

As a specimen of the ignorance which prevails, and especially on religious subjects, Dr. Bennett recently

asked a smart youth if he knew who was the Saviour of the world? The youth replied that he believed that Adam and Eve were the Saviour!

A person who once visited a dying man, asked him where he thought his soul would go after death. He replied, "To hell first!" "Where," said the visitor, "do you expect it will go afterwards?" "To heaven." "What reason have you for supposing it will go out of hell, and go to heaven?" "Why, the Belief says, that Jesus Christ descended into hell, and the Bible says, we must follow Christ!"

How few know the nature and state of their heart. How many are as much infatuated as the man, who, being asked how matters stood with his soul, answered, "Soul, soul!" To which was replied, "Don't you know what your soul is?" "Yes," said the man, "it is a bone in the back that lives longer than the rest of the body." This, though picturesque of a stupid state, is, I fear, but too fair a picture of the majority of men. Their definitions of a soul, I doubt, would not differ much from this; or, if different, would not contain much more sense and elegance.—*N. Manners.*

I have read of a man who acknowledged, after his conversion, that, in his unregenerate state, he was accustomed to say his prayers seven times over every Monday morning, that he might not have any trouble with the duty of prayer all the rest of the week.

A man in Herefordshire said to his neighbour, as he was dying, "Do people know one another in Heaven?" "I cannot tell," replied he. "If they do," said the former, "ask such a person, (mentioning his name,) where his account with me is to be found?" "I should be very glad," answered the other, "to oblige you, but Heaven is a large place, and I am lame, and shall not be able to walk much about in it and it is ten to one if he ever calls to see me; so that very likely it will not be in my power, to do what you desire."—*David Jones.*

An instance of the want of spiritual instruction in our own country, lately occurred at Pontefract. A pious independent minister, who was in the habit of going to the habitations of the poor, went into the cottage of an old woman, and after the usual civilities had passed, he asked if she knew any thing of Jesus Christ. She replied, "I do not belong to your set." He replied, that did not make any matter, and thrice repeated the question. She then replied, "Yes, I should think I do—he was an old soldier and lived at York."

During one of Mr. Whitfield's excursions in Yorkshire, he preached in a field, near Sheffield, to a large audience, a very affecting sermon on the sufferings of Christ. A poor woman who was driving some asses laden with bricks, stopped to hear him. When he mentioned the circumstance of His having suffered for sinners, without the gates of Jerusalem, upwards of seventeen hundred years ago, she said, addressing herself to one of the asses, goading it, "Go, Robin! as it so long since, I hope it is not true;" and away she went.

An old woman who lived in a sequestered glen, and whose daughter was reading to her that portion of Revelation where it is related that a great dragon was seen in the heavens, read it thus—"There was a great dragoon seen in the heavens." The old woman said, "There was never a dragoon there in the world; there's nane needed, there's nae war there; bring my specks till I see." Having satisfied herself, she said—"Deed, Jenny, it is a dragoon; what can he be doing there, think ye?" Jenny read on till it was recorded that the dragoon was cast out, when the old woman exclaimed, "I wonder how he got there; I was sure he wadna be lang there."

*An Asiatic Prince.*—An Asiatic queen departing this life, left behind her three accomplished sons, all arrived at years of maturity. The young princes held a contest

who should pay the highest respect to their royal mother. To give scope to their generous contention, they agreed to meet at the place of her interment, and there to present the most honourable gift they knew how to devise, or procure. The eldest came and exhibited a sumptuous monument consisting of the richest materials. The second son ransacked all the beauties of the blooming creation, and offered a garland of such admirable colours and delicious odours as had never been witnessed before. The youngest now appeared without any pompous preparation, having only a crystal basin in one hand, and a silver bodkin in the other. As soon as he approached the tomb, he threw open his breast and pierced a vein that lay opposite his heart—received the blood into the basin, and with an air of affectionate reverence, placed it on his beloved parent's monument. The spectators, struck with the sight, as well they might, burst into a shout of general applause, and immediately gave the preference to the last oblation. But what was this to the shedding of the blood of the immaculate Lamb of God. The young prince certainly manifested a singular degree of love, in parting with a few drops of blood to the memory of a beloved parent; but O how matchless was the love of Christ, in shedding his most precious blood, for whom? for righteous men—for good men—for friends—for faithful followers, and ardent admirers?—No! no! he shed his blood even for his enemies.

ALEXANDER the Great, and late Emperor of Russia, was one day engaged in a chase, and arriving at the sea shore, had his attention arrested by a crowd of persons—making up, he found them surrounding a drowned man, just taken out of the water. Every eye wept its tear. He rolled the man for some time—at last he uttered a most terrific groan, and on heaving a heavy sigh, he opened his eyes. The Emperor lifting up his eyes to

heaven, exclaimed, "Great God ! this is the brightest day of my life, for thou hast made me the instrument of saving a fellow-creature from the jaws of death.—*Rev. J. Matfin.*

*The faithful negress.*—In the dreadful earthquake which made such ravages in the island of St. Domingo, in the year 1770, a negress of Port-au-Prince found herself alone in the house of her master and mistress, with their youngest child, whom she nursed. The house shook to its foundation. Every one had taken flight ; she alone could not escape without leaving her infant charge in danger. She flew to the chamber where it lay in the most profound sleep. At that moment the walls of the house fell in. Anxious only for the safety of her foster child, she threw herself over it, and serving as a sort of arch, saved it from destruction. The child was indeed saved ; but the unfortunate negress died soon after, the victim of her fidelity.—*Ladies' Monthly Museum.*

*Easter offering.*—A few years ago, there lived in Lambourne Woodlands, one of the society of friends. One day, just after Easter, the clerk of the parish called upon him for the Easter offerings. The quaker received the clerk very graciously—invited him to eat, drink, and smoke, which was accepted, and the evening was spent very convivially. The clerk was now about to depart, and again asked for his Easter offering, when the quaker replied—"An Easter offering ! I have never read of such in the Old or New Testament. I have read of the meat offering, the drink offering, and the burnt offering, all which I have made to thee for a peace offering. If thou art not satisfied, friend, there is one more which I will make for a trespass offering—an offering of bitter herbs : " casting a most significant look at a bundle of ground ash which was placed upon the bacon-rack, when the clerk,

laying his hand on the latch of the door, was glad to make a precipitate exit, without even conferring his official blessing.—*Etymological Compendium*.

*Idea of the Deity, by a deaf and dumb lad*.—One of the deaf and dumb lads in the Institution at Paris, being desired to express his idea of the eternity of the Deity, replied, "It is duration without beginning or end; existence without bounds or dimensions; present without past or future; His eternity is youth without infancy or old age; life without birth or death; to-day without yesterday or to-morrow.—*Saturday Magazine*.

*A call to action*.—While Christ can claim but one or at most two millions, Satan can marshal nine hundred millions. And is this a time to slumber.—*Dr. Dillon*.

*An American Minister*.—No man's services will ever be worth a straw, unless they are the result of prayer, nay, the prayers of an archangel will do little good for a people, unless the people learn to pray for their minister. It was the saying of an old Presbyterian minister, in North America, when some of his people said to him, "Sir, we cannot profit by you as we once could, and we have waited upon you to tell you so." The old man burst into tears: he told them he did not doubt there were many infirmities, many imperfections; "But O," says he, "I think I can tell you the reason, you don't bring your prayer books with you." "Our prayer books," said they, "you are aware we don't use one!" "No," says he, "you know what I mean, you used to pray once for me, and then you got good; and now you don't pray for me, and I cannot do you any good; all the good comes from my Master."—*Rev. T. Mortimer*.

*Rev. S. Bottomley*.—The late Rev. Samuel Bottom-

ley, for the long period of fifty-seven years, the pastor of a christian congregation at Scarborough, in the beginning of his ministry, had inscribed on the dial in his chapel the impressive sentiment, "On this moment, eternity depends." A most impressive consideration, which should never be forgotten in the house of God, either by the preacher or his hearers.—*Anecdotes.—Christian Ministers.*

*Bishop Hutton.*—While Dr. Hutton was Bishop of Durham, he was once travelling between Wensleydale and Ingleton, when he suddenly dismounted, and having delivered his horse to the care of one of his servants, he retired to a particular spot, at some distance from the highway, where he knelt down, and continued for some time in prayer. On his return, one of his attendants took the liberty of inquiring his reason for this singular act; when the Bishop informed him, that when he was a poor boy, he travelled over that cold and bleak mountain without shoes or stockings, and that he remembered disturbing a cow on the identical spot where he prayed, that he might warm his feet and legs on the place where she had lain. His feelings of gratitude would not allow him to pass the place without presenting his thanksgivings to God for the favour he had since shown him.—*Ibid.*

*The Earthenware Man's Prayer.*—Related by the father of the Rev. Mr. Gregg, late of St. Albans, in whose barn the poor old man had lodged for the night, and where he was overheard the next morning.

"Thank God, I have slept soundly to-night, and so this morning am pure and well. Thank God my ass is well, and has ate a good lock of hay, her crust of bread, and drank half a puil of water. God bless both to-day! and give me strength to walk a-foot, that I mayn't be forced to get up and ride the poor beast, for she has lug-

gage enough already. God Almighty send that folks may want my wares, and that somebody may take a liking to my ballads ; and them as can afford it may give me some victuals and drink, that I may not give my ballads to servants for it, when their masters and mistresses dont know on't. God Almighty lead us through green lanes, where my poor ass may light of good cropping, without running into other folks' grass or corn ; and that, poor thing, she mayn't tumble down and hurt herself, and break my wares. And God Almighty incline somebody to give me a night's lodging ; and that I may have a dry barn, and some barley straw too (an't please God) ; I am grown old now, and a hard bed is worse than it used to be. But I dont distrust God Almighty's care, for he never let me want in my life ; and so his great and holy name be praised now and evermore. Amen."

Is there not in all this an honest simplicity and grateful confidence in God, suited to humble and instruct thousands with more spiritual attainments and advantages.

*The Kitchen Divine.*—King Charles the Second, one day, being in conversation with the Earl of Rochester and one of his chaplains, in the presence of the queen and others of the nobility, after having discoursed some time on the affairs of government, cried out, " Let our thoughts be unbent from the cares of state ; and give us a generous glass of wine, which, as the scripture saith, cheers both God and man." The queen was greatly surprised at such a sentiment ; and observed that it was no less than blaspheming, for, said she, God, is an eternal, infinite, and unchangeable Being, a pure Spirit, and hath neither parts nor passions, consequently cannot be cheered. " Well," said the king, " I am not prepared to turn to chapter and verse, but I am certain I have met with those words in my scripture reading." The chaplain was asked if he knew of any such passage ; and he

affirmed that there was no such text, The earl being an enemy to the chaplain, and thinking the king to be in the right, enquired privately if any one could be found in the palace who was well versed in the Bible. He was told of one David, a Scotch cook belonging to his majesty's kitchen, who had always a Bible about with him, and every spare minute was reading it. He immediately went down into the kitchen, conversed with the cook, and asked him if he knew of any place in Scripture which spake of wine cheering both God and man, David replied that he did, and could easily turn to it. His lordship bid him put on a clean apron, and be in the way, as he would soon be sent for to the king. Rochester then returned into the room; and the conversation being still warmly pursued, begged of his majesty to admit of a Scotch cook being sent for, who he understood was continually reading his Bible, and if there were such a place in scripture, could doubtless turn to it immediately. His majesty assented, and gave orders for his appearing, the cook came up directly; when Charles, in the most affable manner, asked him if he knew of any such passage of scripture as wine cheering both God and man. David, with a low bow, answered in the affirmative; and, with great simplicity, turned to Judges ix. 13. The text being produced, the queen humbly asked pardon: and hoped that what she had said would not raise his majesty's resentment against her; as she was unable to bear the "wrath of a king, which is as the roaring of a lion." The chaplain blushed to think that a Scotch cook should turn directly to a text, of which he had not the least recollection. Rochester then begged leave to ask the doctor if he could unravel the mystery that lay in these words; but here the learned man was again silent. "Well," said the earl to the cook, "honest friend, you have done well in producing the passage to his majesty, but can you expound it?"

The cook replied, "If his majesty will condescend to hear me, I have this to offer, How much wine cheereth man, your lordship knows very well; and that it cheereth God, I beg to say, that in the Old Testament dispensation, there were meat-offerings and drink-offerings. In these offerings there was wine. That wine was typical of the blood of the Mediator, By a metaphor therefore it was said to cheer God, as he was well pleased in the way of salvation, in that his justice was satisfied, his law fulfilled; his mercy reigns, grace triumphs, and all perfections harmonize; the sinner is saved; and God in Christ glorified." The king was agreeably surprised at this elegant exposition: while Rochester did not spare to applaud the evangelical turn which the cook had given to the text; and said to the king, "I have one more request to make; that is, that your majesty would be pleased to make your chaplain your cook, and your cook your chaplain."

*Life and Death.*—The late excellent Mr. Newton was once speaking of a lady who was recently dead. A young lady immediately asked, "O, sir, how did she die?" The venerable man replied "There is a more important question than that, my dear, which you should have asked first." "Sir," said she, "what question can be more important than, How did she die?" He replied, "How did she live?"

*Faith.*—A military officer being in a dreadful storm, his lady, who was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity, that she cried out, "My dear, are you not afraid? how is it possible you can be so calm in such a storm?" He arose from a chair lashed to the deck, and supporting himself by a pillar of a bed-place, he drew his sword and pointing to the

breast of his wife, he exclaimed, "Are you not afraid?" She instantly replied, "No, certainly not," "Why?" said the officer, "Because," rejoined his lady, "I know the sword is in the hand of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me." "Then," said he; "remember I know in whom I have believed, and that he holds the winds in his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hand."

*Scottish Wit.*—The dislike of our Scottish neighbours to "pulpit readings" is well known. The following fact illustrative of such dislike we copy from a recent number of the *Scottish Guardian*. An eccentric old man, a pretty regular attendant at the preaching station of one of our parochial missions, was asked the other day by the parish minister, what he thought of a sermon that had been delivered the preceding Sabbath, by a preacher notoriously wedded to his "paper?" He replied, "The preaching may be weel enuch but the minister should tell ae thing." "Ay, what was that?" "He should hae tauld the text was wrang translated." "Wrong translated! What do you mean?" "Why Mr. — declared the Bible words of his text were, 'To the poor the gospel is preached'—but he surely shou'd hae said the words were wrang translated, and ought to be, 'To the poor the Gospel is read.'"

*Serpents.*—The effects of their poison are wonderful; as of that called the copper-head in South America. A man stung by one became like a serpent: spots of various colours alternately appeared and vanished on different parts of his body: rage filled his eyes, which darted the most menacing looks on all present; he thrust out his tongue as the snakes do, and hissed through his teeth with inconceivable force. A striking picture of our great adversary, and the manner in which by his

suggestions he acts on the human mind, and fills it with his own temper and disposition. These effects from the bite of a serpent are not more extraordinary than the foamings and barkings, and disposition to bite, which have been observed in cases of canine madness.—See *Letters from an American Farmer, by J. Hector.*

THOMAS CLARKSON, in his History of the Slave Trade, has the following passage :—" In the year 1785, the subject given to the senior Bachelor of Arts for the Latin dissertation was ' Anne liceat invitos in servitutem dare.' No person can tell the severe trial which the writing for the prize proved to me ; it became not so much a trial for academical reputation as for the production of a work that might be useful to injured Africa. I was honoured with the prize. On returning to London, the subject wholly engrossed my thoughts ; I stopped my horse occasionally, and dismounted and walked. Coming in sight of Wade's Mill, in Hertfordshire, I sat down disconsolate on the turf on the road side, and held my horse. Here a thought came into my mind, that if the contents of my essay were true, it was time that some person should see these calamities to their end. Agitated in this manner, I reached home. This was in the summer of the year 1785." The result we have seen.

*Mr. Romaine.*—A lady who once heard Mr. Romaine, expressed herself mightily pleased with his discourse, and told him afterwards, that she thought she could comply with his doctrine, and give up every thing but one. " And what is that, Madam ? " " Cards, Sir." " You think you could not be happy without them ? " " No, Sir, I could not." " Then Madam, they are your God, and they must save you." This pointed and just reply is said to have issued in her conversion.

*A Remarkable Instance of the Power of Conscience.—*

A servant, travelling with his master, a jeweller, in a private place, murdered him, and retired to a considerable distance; and, with his property, entered into business, prospered, was respected, and became chief magistrate. Sitting on the bench one day with some of his brethren, a criminal was brought before him, who was charged with murdering his master. When he should have pronounced the sentence of condemnation, he was in great agitation of mind. He quitted the bench, and placed himself just by the unfortunate man at the bar. He made a full confession of his aggravated guilt, and said, "You see before you a striking instance of the just awards of heaven. Which this day, after thirty years' concealment, present to you a greater criminal than the man just now found guilty. Nor can I feel any relief from the agonies of an awakened conscience, but by requiring that justice be forthwith done against me, in the most public and solemn manner:" which was done—and, it is added, he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind.—*Encyclopædia Britannica, under the word Conscience.*

*The parental and filial affection of Quintus and his son. (A Roman story.)*

Among the number of persons who were proscribed under the second triumvirate of Rome, were the celebrated orator Cicero, and his brother Quintus; when the news of the proscription was brought to them, they endeavoured to make their escape to Brutus, in Macedon. They travelled together some time, mutually condoling their bad fortune; but as their departure had been very precipitate, and they were not furnished with money, and other necessities for the voyage, it was agreed that Cicero should make what haste he could to the sea side, to secure their passage, and Quintus return home to make more ample provision. But, as in most

houses, there were as many informers as domestics, his return was immediately known ; and the house of course filled with soldiers and assassins. Quintus concealed himself so effectually, that the soldiers could not find him ; enraged at their disappointment, they put his son to the torture, in order to make him discover the place of his father's concealment ; but filial affection was proof, in the young Roman, against the most exquisite torments. An involuntary sigh, and sometimes a deep groan, was all that could be extorted from the generous youth. His agonies were increased, but, with amazing fortitude, he still persisted in the resolution not to betray his father. Quintus was not far off ; and the reader may imagine better than can be expressed, how the heart of a father must have been affected with the sighs and groans of a son expiring in torture to save his life. He could bear it no longer ; but quitting the place of his concealment, he presented himself to the assassins, begging, with a flood of tears, to put him to death, and dismiss the innocent child whose generous behaviour the triumvirs themselves, if informed of the fact, would judge worthy of the highest approbation and reward. But the inhuman monsters, without being the least affected with the tears of either the father or the son, answered that they both must die ; the father because he was proscribed, and the son because he had concealed his father. Then a new contest of tenderness arose, who should die first ; but this the assassins soon decided by beheading them both at the same time.

From this short and affecting story, much may be learned.

When the Divine Spirit does not influence the heart, and the sacred oracles regulate the conduct of man, how covetous, ambitious, false, and savage, he becomes.

How great is the wisdom and goodness of God, in planting the paternal and filial affections in the human breast !

God is the universal Creator, and, through the mediation of Jesus Christ, he adopts believing sinners into his family. Now, if a Roman youth would endure torture and death to express his love to an earthly parent, what devotedness to the service and glory of God should not creatures and christians be willing to manifest.—*T. G.*

*A funeral sermon.*—Mrs. Cresswell, an abandoned character in the reign of Charles the second, desired by will to have a sermon preached at her funeral, and for which the minister was to receive ten pounds, but with this express condition, that he was to say nothing but what was well of her. A preacher was with some difficulty found who undertook the task. After a sermon on the general subject of mortality, and the good uses to be made of it, he concluded with saying, "By the will of the deceased, it is expected that I should mention her, and say nothing but what was well of her. All that I shall say of her therefore is, she was born well, she lived well, and she died well; for she was born with the name of Cresswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in the parish of Bridewell."—*R. B.*

"Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves." In the short but inglorious reign of James II, when popery was advancing to power with rapid strides; the king had his emissaries and agents in every part of his dominions, to harass, weary, and vex the Protestants into a compliance with the measures which he was anxious to bring about. When persuasions and threats had no effect, force and villany were employed. One of his agents with a party of soldiers—rather ruffians, went out on a Sabbath morning to hunt down the Protestants, as they called it. They met a young woman early in the morning, without shoes or stockings, running in great haste. The Captain asked her where she was going so early, and

in such haste. Let it be remembered, that if she had told her real purpose in plain language, they would have destroyed her. She wisely replied, that she learned her elder brother was dead, and that she was going to receive her share of the legacies he had left, and she was afraid she should be too late. The Captain was so well pleased with the answer, that he gave her a sum of money, and wished her success. But if he had known the real business she was going upon, which was to celebrate the death of Christ, he would have prevented her from going to the place where she intended to receive the durable riches of the Redeemer.

*A wise fool.*—Henry the Eighth's jester, finding his Royal master one day transported with unusual joy, asked him the cause of his hilarity; to which the king replied that the Pope had honoured him with a style more exalted than that of any of his ancestors,—the title of "Defender of the Faith;" to which the fool replied, "O good Harry, let thou and I defend one another, and let the faith alone to defend itself."—*Baines's History of Lancashire.*

*A dying mother's last request.*—A few years ago there was a boy in a Sunday school in Kent. He was one of the earliest scholars, he was the only child of his mother, and she was a widow. Perhaps the child had been spoiled, and his life was wild, capricious, and wicked. In the Sunday school, where he was placed for instruction, he made no improvement, and it was only respect for the aged widow which prevented the conductors from expelling the lad. At length they were driven to dismiss him, at which they were extremely distressed. The boy was cast out of the bosom of all the means most likely to save him, and he enlisted for a soldier. We could have expected nothing better. He was sent to America during

the unhappy and regretted war, which we last conducted against our colony. When he entered the army, he became as notorious as marked; and as profligate there, as he had been obstinate and self-willed at home. His mother still survived to weep over him, and to pray for him. She found a sergeant, the son of a neighbouring farmer, who was going out to the same regiment in which her son was, and she obtained a small Bible, and sent it to him. And who can help supposing that she embalmed it with her tears, and followed it by her prayers. The boy had resisted many efforts to do him good, but who could tell whether this effort might not prove availing. The sergeant embraced an early opportunity of taking him aside, and said, "I have seen your mother." "Ah," he replied, "Is the old woman alive?" Such was the careless, wicked, unnatural reply. "Yes, she is," rejoined the sergeant, "but I suppose that, by this time, she is no more; she was very ill, and has sent you a small present." "I hope it is some money," was his answer. "Ah," said the sergeant, "My lad, it is something better than money; it may prove better than gold and silver, if you use it aright—it is a Bible." He looked at it with deepened chagrin. "Your mother has sent you one dying request, and that is, that you will look at this Bible, and read, at least, one verse every day." He took the Bible, and handled it as if he were afraid or ashamed of it—sorely chagrined that he had got nothing which he esteemed better. "Well," he said, "it is not much to look at a single verse every day." He cursorily opened the book, and said, "Why, this is very strange; here is the only verse just falls under my eye, that ever I was able to learn at the Sunday School—'Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Oh, that is very strange, pray who is this that says, 'Come unto me?'" "Why, do not you know?" answered the sergeant, "it

is Jesus Christ. It is He who says, 'Come unto me.' He is waiting to receive such poor sinners as you and me." A few more words passed, and, as the sergeant turned aside, he looked back, and saw the soldier, with both his hands placed over his eyes, and the big tears gushing from between his fingers. The man began to read the Bible, and he soon became as distinguished for piety as he had previously been for sin ; and it was very obvious to others, who were associated around him. The battle of Orleans soon occurred ; and after the violent struggle on the plain below, the sergeant, who escaped, was passing the field of blood, and saw the poor soldier lying dead under a tree. He had been shot in the neck ; but he had evidently been reading the Bible after he was shot ; for he was lying pillowed upon it, and it was open at the very verse before quoted.—*Rev. A. E. Farrar.*

*Praying Servant.*—Mary was a truly religious servant, and concerned both for the present and eternal welfare of her employers. Her master and mistress one day complained, in her presence, that trade was so bad that, unless it revived, they must give it up. This affected her much ; and at night she was overheard praying, "O Thou that directest the foot of the buyer to the shop of the seller, direct customers to my master's house." The prayer was heard ; business returned, her master grew rich, and Mary was remembered in his will.

*Liberal Economy.*—A gentleman in the course of conversation one day asked his friend how much he supposed it cost him per annum to be a methodist ? To which his friend replied, he really could not tell ; but, as he was liberal, it must of course be a very considerable sum. Why, said the gentleman, it is now about one hundred a year ; but then, added he, to be a rake would cost me

a thousand ! From such a statement then, it appears that godliness, being profitable unto all things, is profitable even in secular things ; and that methodism so far from being calculated to ruin a man in temporal circumstances, has an effect exactly the reverse ; for in the present instance, it appears to have been the means of saving, at least, eight or nine hundred pounds per annum.

*Rev. Robert Robinson.*—Mr. Robinson, once travelling a considerable distance with three fellow-passengers, one of whom was a naval captain, and night having long closed in without either of them being inclined to sleep, it was proposed, to relieve the tedium of the journey, that each should tell a story. Two having complied with the requisition, the captain related several of his adventures with great vivacity and effect, but, alas ! interlarding almost every sentence with the most profane expressions. Having finished his narrative, he called upon Mr. Robinson, who very gravely began thus :—" About twenty years ago, travelling this road in a tobacco-pipes-and-wine dark night, I met with a tobacco-pipes-and-wine odd incident ; and tobacco-pipes-and-wine, if I do not think it was near this very spot. The coach was going at a tobacco-pipes-and-wine rate, when we were alarmed by the clattering of the hoofs of two horses galloping after us like tobacco-pipes-and-wine. We distinctly heard a shouting of stop ! stop ! stop ! Tobacco-pipes-and-wine, said I, we are pursued by highwaymen. Tobacco-pipes-and-wine ! replied my fellow-travellers, you dont say so ! Tobacco-pipes, said I, but I do. Well, we found they were rapidly gaining upon us, which you may be sure put us all into a tobacco-pipes-and-wine fright. At length up they came, one on each side, and, tobacco-pipes-and-wine, if the coach did not instantly come to a dead stand ! " Here the patience of the captain was quite exhausted. " I beg your pardon, sir,

for interrupting you, said he, but for the life and soul of me, I cannot see what the d—l your tobacco-pipes-and-wine have to do with your story." "Sir," replied Mr. Robinson, "I am surprised at this interruption from you, because I thought that you would at once have perceived that my tobacco-pipes-and-wine were precisely as indispensable to the interest and connexion of my story, as your d—ls and d——ns were to yours." A silence of several minutes ensued. At length, the captain warmly grasping Mr. Robinson's hand, said in a tone of agitation, "I thank you, sir, from my heart. Your keen, but judicious satire, has shown me the extreme folly (independently of its wickedness) of profane swearing; and I hope by the grace of God, to be kept from being ever again guilty of that sin."

*The Poor Cripple.*—Dr. Gregory, at the Blackheath Bible meeting, a few years ago, stated, that a short time previously he had been requested to visit a poor man, who was heavily afflicted, in that neighbourhood. When he reached the house, he found the man sitting in a chair, in the middle of the room; he was fastened by cords to the chair, to prevent his falling, and also to the ceiling of the room to keep him in an upright position. Dr. Gregory said to him, "My friend, you must feel this very lonely?" "No, Sir;" answered the man, "I am not lonely, for God is with me." This Dr. Gregory believed, for he found that the afflicted sufferer had a Bible tied on his knees, which was open at a favourite passage in the Psalms. On further conversation, he learned that this poor man had hardly enough to support himself and family, but not a single murmur escaped his lips; he trusted, he said, firmly on the promises of his God, and he had never been disappointed; and that as his wants were, so was his provision for those wants, Dr. Gregory declared that gladly would he resign his

station in life, and take that of the suffering object he visited, and become like him, racked with pain, bound by disease, and pinched by poverty, if he could but insure so near a communion with his God,

*Melancholy.*—David Hume, the historian, observed that all the devout persons he had ever met with were melancholy. Bishop Horne remarked in reply, that this might very probably be the case; for in the first place, it was most likely that he saw very few, his friends and acquaintances being of a very different kind: and, secondly, the sight of him would make a devout man look melancholy at any time.

*Fox the Quaker.*—Penn says—and his life shows it—that Fox possessed on all occasions the most undoubted courage. Though of an ardent temperament, yet he possessed so much self-command, as rarely, if ever to be thrown off his guard by insult and outrage, and he manifested the most forgiving disposition. He was simply dignified, and manly in behaviour; grave, yet affable and pleasant in conversation, and so ready in reply as to continually baffle his most subtle antagonists. One instance may be given:—He was imprisoned in Launceston gaol, and brought up for trial before Judge Glyn. He was ordered to take off his hat. Fox inquired what authority there was in law or scripture for this compulsion; at which the Judge fell into a passion and cried, “Take him away, gaoler, I’ll ferk him.” Soon after he sent for him again, and on seeing him exclaimed, “Come where had they hats from Moses to Daniel?—come answer me—I have you now.” Fox immediately replied, “The three children were ordered to be thrown into the furnace with their coats, hose, and hats on.” The Judge instantly shouted, “Take him away gaoler.”

*Body and Soul.*—"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."—2 Cor. v. 10.

The following apologue is to be found in the Jewish Talmud, and serves to illustrate the above text of scripture, and shews correct views of the resurrection of the dead.

Antonius once held a conversation with the holy Rabbi Jehuda, to this effect :—"The body and the soul," says he, "may both free themselves from judgment. How so? The body may say, The soul sinned. For from the time it left me, behold, I have lain in the grave, like a stone without sense. And the soul may say, the body sinned. For from the time that I was freed from its bonds, behold, I fly through the air in the manner of a bird." To these things the Rabbi said, "I will give you a parable: A mortal king placed two keepers over a most delightful garden, in which the fruit was ripe, a lame and a blind one. The lame keeper having seen the fruit, advised the blind one to take him on his shoulders that he might gather the fruit, and that they might then share it between them. The lame one therefore sat on the neck of the blind man, and they both ate the fruit that was thus gathered. After some time, came the owner of the garden, and inquired after his fruit. Then the blind man said, he had no eyes and so could not see it; and the lame man said, he had no feet, and so could not reach it. The king then ordered the latter to be taken upon the shoulders of the former, and judged and punished them both at once. In like manner will God do: having put the soul into the body, he will judge them both together."—*Wesleyan Association Magazine.*

*Judge Jeffries's treatment of Richard Baxter.*—The hatred with which Jeffries regarded the Presbyterian

party, found a free vent on the trial of the celebrated Richard Baxter, for publishing what was termed a seditious libel. The language which, during this trial, Jeffries applied both to the counsel and to the defendant, was more gross, vulgar, and indecent, than had ever before been heard in a court of justice. Interrupting Mr. Wallop, the counsel for Mr. Baxter, he said, "Mr. Wallop, I observe you are in all these dirty causes; and were it not for you gentlemen of the long robe, who should have more wit and honesty than to support and hold up these factious knaves by the chin, we should not be at the pass we are at." "My Lord," said Mr. Wallop, "I humbly conceive that the passages accused are natural deductions from the text." "You humbly conceive!" cried Jeffries, "and I humbly conceive.—Swear him—swear him!" Soon afterwards he added, "Sometimes you humbly conceive, and sometimes you are very positive; you talk of your skill in church history, and of your understanding Latin and English, I think I understand something of them too, as well as you, but in short must tell you that, if you do not understand your duty better, I shall teach it you." Upon this Mr. Wallop sat down. On Baxter endeavouring to address the court, Jeffries stopped him. "Richard! Richard; dost thou think we will hear thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave, and thou hast written books enough to load a cart. Every one is full of sedition, I might say treason, as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy. Thou pretendest to be a preacher of the gospel of peace, and thou hast one foot in the grave; it is time for thee to begin to think what account thou intendest to give; but leave thee to thyself, and I see thou wilt go on as thou hast begun; but, by the grace of God, I'll look after thee! I know thou hast a mighty party, and I see a great many of the brother-

hood in corners, waiting to see what will become of their mighty don, and a doctor of the party (looking at Dr. Bates) at your elbow ; but, by the grace of Almighty God, I will crush you all." When the chief justice had finished his summing up, Baxter said, " Does your lordship think that any jury will pretend to pass a verdict upon me upon such a trial ?" " I'll warrant you, Mr. Baxter," replied Jeffries, " dont you trouble yourself about that." The jury immediately found a verdict of guilty."—*Roscoe's British Lawyers.*

*Importance of example.*—The words of the wise be as nails fastened by the master of assemblies, yet sure their examples are the hammers to drive them in to take the deeper hold. A father that whipped his son for swearing, and swore himself while he whipped him, did more harm by his example than good by his correction.—*Fuller.*

A man should be very well established in faith and virtue, who attempts to reclaim a witty and agreeable profligate ; otherwise he may become a convert, instead of making one. Chapelle, a person of this character, was met one day in the street by his friend Boileau, who took the opportunity of mentioning to him his habit of drinking, and the consequences of it. Unfortunately they were just by a tavern, Chapelle only desired they might step in there, and promised he would listen patiently and attentively. Boileau consented, and the event was, that about one in the morning, they were carried home, dead drunk, and in separate coaches.—*George Horne.*

*A judicious sentence.*—Sir John Powell was one of the judges of the court of King's Bench at the trial of the seven bishops, when he behaved so nobly, that the bigoted king James dismissed him from the judicial seat. He was afterwards restored to that situation, and died very

old, in 1713. Not long before his death, while travelling the Oxford circuit, an old woman was brought before him, charged with witchcraft upon her own confession. Among other strange things, it was gravely said that she could fly through the air from place to place. The judge after hearing all the stories of the witnesses, said to the culprit, "Prisoner, is it true that you can fly?" "Yes my Lord," said the crazy old dame. "Why then you may continue to do so," observed the judge, "for I have examined the books, and can find no law against flying."

*The Rev. John Wesley and his silver plate.*—An order having been made by the House of Lords, "that the commissioners of excise do write to all persons whom they have reason to suspect to have plate; as also to those who have not paid regularly the duty on the same," &c. The Accountant General for household plate, sent Mr. Wesley a copy of the order with a letter, stating that hitherto he had neglected to make entry of his plate, and demanding that he should do it immediately. Mr. Wesley replied as follows.

"Sir,—I have two silver tea spoons at London, and two at Bristol. This is all the plate I have at present, and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread. I am, Sir, your most humble servant, John Wesley."

*Allegorical difficulty.*—One of those wiseacres who are fond of launching out into the deep as they call it, having one day discovered, as he thought, what no one before him ever did, that the nine and twenty knives, mentioned Ezra i, 9. were typical of the four and twenty elders in the Revelations, was so transported with the invention, that he determined to make it the subject of his next sermon; nor did he recollect the disparity of the numbers, till he had read his text. Being then aware of the

impropriety, he told his audience that he perceived he must drop five of them, that the type might better tally with the antitype. The audience were confounded ; and one of the deacons, not so fond of allegory as his pastor stepped up the pulpit stairs, and told him it would be better to drop the whole. And thus ended Mr. Wisacre's preachment.

*Hint to the Talkative.*—The late Rev. John Berridge was once visited by a very talkative young lady, who engrossed all the conversation in speaking of mere trifles. When she rose to retire, he said, " Madam, I have one piece of advice to offer you : when you go into company again, after you have talked half an hour without intermission, stop a while, and see if any of the company has anything to say."

*Government of the Tongue.*—It is related of one of the ancients, that a man without learning came to him to be taught a psalm. He turned to the 39th, but when he had heard the first verse of it, " I said I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue," the man would hear no more, saying this was enough, if he could practice it ; and when the instructor blamed him, that he had not seen him for six months, he replied that he had not done the verse ; and forty years after, he confessed he had been all that time studying it, but had not learned to fulfil it. " If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body."

*Flight of the Eagle and her Young.*—In the Book of Deuteronomy, we have a very animated and beautiful allusion to the eagle, and her method of exciting her eaglets to attempt their first flight, in that sublime and highly mystic composition called Moses' Song ; in which Jehovah's care of his people, and methods of instructing

them how to aim at and attain heavenly objects, are compared to her proceedings upon that occasion. "As an eagle spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him." (Deut. xxxii. 11, 12.) The Hebrew lawgiver is speaking of their leaving their eyrie. Sir H. Davy had an opportunity of witnessing the proceedings of an eagle, after they had left it. He thus describes them:—

"I once saw a very interesting sight, above one of the crags of Ben Nevis, as I was going on the 20th of August, in the pursuit of black game. Two parent eagles were teaching their offspring, two young birds, the manœuvres of flight. They began by rising from the top of a mountain, in the eye of the sun; it was about mid-day, and bright for this climate. They at first made small circles, and the young birds imitated them; they paused on their wings, waiting till they had made their first flight, and then took a second and larger gyration, always rising towards the sun, and enlarging their circle of flight, so as to make a gradually extending spiral. The young ones still slowly followed, apparently flying better as they mounted; and they continued this sublime kind of exercise, always rising till they became mere points in the air, and the young ones were lost, and afterwards their parents, to our aching sight."

What an instructive lesson to Christian parents does this history read. How powerfully does it excite them to teach their children betimes to look towards heaven, and the Sun of Righteousness, and to elevate their thoughts thither, more and more, on the wings of faith and love: themselves all the while going before them, and encouraging them by their own example.—*Kirby's Bridgewater Treatise.*

*An Impressive Apostrophe.*—"What! ho! Father Abraham!" said Mr. Whitfield, when once preaching

at Philadelphia,—“whom have you in heaven? Any Episcopalians?” “No.” “Any Presbyterians?” “No.” “Any Baptists?” “No.” “Have you any Methodists there?” “No.” “Any Independents, or Covenanters, or Burghers, or Anti-Burghers?” “No.” “Whom then have you then in heaven?” cried the impassioned preacher! “We know not any of those names here; all who are here are Christians, believers in Christ; men who have overcome by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of his testimony.” “Is this the case?” continued the venerable speaker.” “Then God help me: God bless us all to forget party names, and sectarian distinctions, and bigotted differences, and to become Christians, in deed and in truth. Amen! So may it be! Amen.”

*Honesty of an Indian.*—An Indian, being among his white neighbours, asked for a little tobacco to smoke, and one of them, having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following, the Indian came back, inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that, as it was given him he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast: “I got a good man and a bad man here; and the good man say, It an’t mine, I must return it to the owner; the bad man say, Why he gave it you, and it is your own now. The good man say, That’s not right; the tobacco is yours, not the money. The bad man say, Never mind, you got it, go buy some dram. The good man say, No, no, you must not do so. So I dont know what to do, and I think I go to sleep; but the good man and the bad keep talking all the night, and trouble me, and now I bring the money back I feel good.”—*Anecdotes of Persons of Colour.*

*Composure in Death.*—When Sir Humphrey Gilbert,

who, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, took possession of Newfoundland in her Majesty's name, and who was finally drowned, was once overtaken with a storm at sea, he was observed sitting unmoved, with a Bible in his hand, and was heard to say, "Courage, my lads! we are as near heaven at sea as at land."—*Hinton's America.*

*Pure Enthusiasm.*—"A man of my acquaintance," says Dr. Dwight in his travels, "whose mind had always been wandering, who had gone from sect to sect, to find one sufficiently religious, and from doctrine to doctrine, to find a scheme sufficiently rigid for his own taste, ultimately attached himself to the Shakers. A gentleman, at whose house he was with some other company, asked him to drink some punch. He declined the proposal, and said, that the spirit did not move him to drink punch, but to something else. In an instant his right arm was stretched out, and he arose and followed the direction. It led him out of the door, in a straight line, to a hog trough, by the side of which he dropped upon his knees, and made a hearty draught of the swill, with a number of pigs, who were regaling themselves on the same beverage."

*Sermon for Cardinals.*—Whiston relates, that a learned friar in Italy, famous for his learning and preaching, was commanded to preach before the Pope at a year of Jubilee; and in order to suit his sermon better, he repaired to Rome a good while before, to see the fashion of the conclave. When the day that he was to preach arrived, after ending his prayer, he looked for some time silently about, and at last cried out with a loud voice, three times, "St. Peter was a fool! St. Peter was a fool! St. Peter was a fool!" And without adding a word more, descended from the pulpit. Being afterwards summoned before the Pope, and asked why he had so

conducted himself, he answered, " Surely, holy father, if a priest may go to heaven, abounding in wealth, honour, and preferment, then surely, St. Peter was a fool, who took such a hard way in travelling, in fasting, in preaching, to go thither.—*Christian Magazine*.

*Galen*.—It is said, that the evidence of wisdom and contrivance displayed in a human skeleton, first convinced the great Galen of the existence of a God.—*Rev. S. D. Waddy*.

*The Six Physicians*.—There were, at one time, in one college in Oxford, six physicians. Of two, the feet and breath were offensive; one was remarkably lean; two were quarrelsome and turbulent; and one very ignorant in his profession. They were called, " Plague, Pestilence, and Famine; Battle, Murder, and Sudden Death."

*Splendid Achievements of Genius*.—The most splendid achievements of genius, the most renowned triumphs of talent, and the most glorious conquests ever made, have sprung from the humbler classes of society; the following epitome may serve to substantiate the validity of the foregoing remarks. Publius, Epictetus, and Æsop of old, were slaves, at the outset of life. Demosthenes, one of the greatest orators of antiquity, was the son of a sword-blade maker at Athens, and was left an orphan at seven years of age. Cardinal Wolsey, who figured so conspicuously in the reign of Henry VIII, was the son of a butcher at Ipswich, in Suffolk; he was Archdeacon of York, Cardinal of Rome, and Prime Minister of England. Thomas Cromwell, son of a blacksmith, was made Earl of Essex, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Benjamin Franklin, that celebrated statesman, philosopher, and moral writer, was once a journeyman printer. John Bunyan, author of the

"Pilgrim's Progress," was the son of a tinker. The benevolent Archbishop Tillotson was the son of a clothier, at Sowerby Bridge, near Halifax. Belzoni, one of the most distinguished travellers in Egypt, used to support himself by exhibiting feats of strength. That pleasing and beautiful writer, Goldsmith, author of the "Travel-ler," "Citizen of the World," and the "Vicar of Wake-field," travelled through Europe on foot, and suffered much of the vicissitudes of poverty. Burns held the plough. Shakspeare was a poor call boy at the theatre. S. Drew was a shoemaker. Allan Ramsay, the author of "The Gentle Shepherd," was a poor barber. Sir R. Arkwright, who left his son a princely fortune, was a barber, and shaved at Nottingham for a half-penny. Chantrey painted likenesses in Sheffield at a price that would hardly pay for the paint which he used. Sir T. Lawrence was the son of an innkeeper. Benjamin Martin, the lecturer on moral philosophy, was a farmer's labourer. Sir W. Herschel was a player in a regimental band. Sir Edward Sugden is the son of a barber. Sir Robert Peel's father was a poor weaver, and worked for twelve shillings a week, in his wooden clogs. George Fox, the founder of the society of Friends, was the son of a weaver, and he a keeper of sheep. Jeremy Taylor, the noted theologian and prelate, of the 17th century, was the son of a barber. Many more might be adduced out of the innumerable host of authors, but let this suffice. Here are worthies more valuable than diamonds, or the most costly gems; they have been the suns and the stars of their age, they have been as shining lights, whose radiant and resplendent glory illuminates yet; they are the beacons, and the right examples we should imitate; their conduct should have a magnetic influence over us in stimulating us to alike deeds of glory, usefulness, and renown. Here are men who have had to contend with difficulties the most disheartening and discouraging;

obstacles almost insurmountable ; but lowly birth, meagre education, and penury itself, were barriers far too weak for such strong minds as theirs ; they cultivated the mind, they enriched the understanding, and they became wise, and we, their posterity, are indebted for that wisdom, that talent, and that perseverance, and the results were, they became beautiful writers, enchanting poets, eloquent senators, pious divines, illustrious painters, magnanimous patriots, and devoted philanthropists. By viewing with pleasure, the advancement of others, we learn to emulate the talents by which it may have been attained, it quickens our ungenerous sympathy in making the trials and difficulties we have had to contend with, and rouses us to a more lively admiration of the energy that could conquer the most discouraging obstacles, and teaches us there is no laudable object of ambition, but that may be hoped for by steadily fixing the mind and directing the conduct for its attainment. It is said that the great renown of Alexander served as a spur to the ambition of Cæsar, that on beholding a statue of the Macedonian hero, at Cadiz, he shed tears, and exclaimed, " At my age he had conquered the world, and I have done yet nothing worthy of renown." Let us each apply this to ourselves,—have we done anything worthy of renown ? If not, let us make the attempt ; for be it observed, that genius is not an instantaneous ray,—the germ may be laid, the seed may be sown, but it wants cultivating and nurturing ; it is of a progressive nature, and the greater labour we bestow, the greater will be both the pleasure and the reward.—*Rev. James Everett, and John Clark.*

*The Earl of Morton.*—" God," said John Knox to the Earl of Morton, " God has given you great talents, singular wisdom, noble friends. Use them for God better than you have hitherto done. Be careful of the rights of

the people, and of the King entrusted to your care ; then God will promote you to honour, but if you do not, to shame and infamy," And as the Earl was afterwards led down to the grass market, to be beheaded, he said, " I find John Knox to have been an awfully true prophet."—*Rev. A. Waugh.*

*Haliburton.*—" O man," said the dying Haliburton to his son, " if I had as many sons as there are hairs in your head, I would rather have you a missionary and a martyr than a monarch.—*Rev. H. Budd.*

*Raphael.*—The famous painter Raphael being blamed for making the face of St. Peter in a picture too red, said, that he had done so on purpose, that he might represent the Apostle blushing in heaven to see what successors he had on earth.

*Beza.*—Amongst other things which the illustrious Beza gave thanks to God for in his last will and testament, was this, that he became a real Christian at the age of sixteen, by which he was prevented from the commission of many sins, which would otherwise have overtaken him, and rendered his life less happy.—*Rev. J. A. James.*

*Munster.*—When Munster lay sick, and his friends asked him how he felt himself? he pointed to his sores and ulcers, whereof he was full, and said, These are God's gems and jewels wherewith he decketh his best friends, and to me they are more precious than all the gold and silver in the world.—*Rev. T. Brooks.*

*The Chinese.*—Among the Chinese the anticipations of death are distressing ; their imagination has invented no fewer than ten hells, one consists of hills stuck full

of knives ; another of an iron boiler filled with scalding water ; a third is a hell of cold ice ; in another, the punishment is, pulling out the tongue of those that tell lies ; another is a hell of poisonous serpents ; in another the victim is drawn into pieces ; another is a hell of blackness and darkness ; and you may hear some praying, " May I not fall into the hell of swords," and others, " into this or that place of torment."—*Dr. Morrison.*

*The Wicked curse God.*—What are the sentiments of an ungodly, earthly-minded man, when he sees his corn cut down, and lying for successive weeks under torrents of rain. Does he say, " It is the Lord : let him do what seemeth him good ? " No. If in such instances the thoughts of many hearts were revealed, expressions would issue forth similar to that of a negro in the West Indies. A missionary asked him, " What do you do when you catch fish ? " He answered, " I bless God." " When you catch none, what do you do ? " " I curse God."—*Joseph Burgess.*

*Christian Agency.*—A good woman in London, who had consecrated herself to labour for the conversion of souls, was one evening passing by a tea-garden, and seeing a young man standing, came up to him and said, " I suppose you are waiting for some one ? " " Yes," said he, " I am waiting for a companion to go with me to the garden." " Come," said the old lady, " go with me and hear Mr, ——— preach." The young man consented, and this sermon was the means of awakening his attention to the subject of religion. That young man became the missionary Williams—a man who has done more than all others to give a lodgment to the missionary cause in the higher minds in England.—*Revivalist.*

*Mr. Robert Spence of York.*—On one occasion, when

at Bath, he met, in the travellers' room, several unusually profligate men, who on the sabbath invited tradesmen of a similar character to spend the day with them. After dinner, Mr. Spence immediately retired, saying, that he was going to the Methodist chapel. "The old gentleman does not seem ashamed of his religion; there is real honesty about him," said they, as he retired. But when he returned in the evening, he found them flushed with wine, and prepared to scoff and persecute. One of them in particular, made himself profanely merry at the expense of Methodism. Mr. Spence knew how to "answer a fool according to his folly." And with a severity which he could well assume, (selecting this man to reprove the rest) said to him, "Sir, did you ever read *Æsop's Fables*?" The man answered in the affirmative. "Then, Sir, you must remember the fable of the 'Bear and the Poultry.'" "I do not recollect it: will you repeat it." "A bear," proceeded Mr. Spence, relating substantially the apologue, "that was bred on the savage deserts of Siberia, had an inclination to see the world. He travelled from forest to forest, from one kingdom to another, making many profound observations in his way. Among the rest of his excursions he came by accident into a farmer's yard, where he saw a number of poultry standing to drink by the side of a pool. Observing that at every sip they turned up their heads towards the sky, he could not forbear inquiring the reason of so peculiar a ceremony. They told him, that it was by way of returning thanks to heaven for the benefits they received; and was indeed an ancient and religious custom, which they could not with a safe conscience, or without impiety, omit. Here the bear burst into a fit of laughter; at once mimicking their gestures, and ridiculing their superstition, in the most contemptuous manner. On this the cock, with a spirit suitable to the boldness of his character, addressed him in the following words: 'As you are a stranger, sir, per-

haps you may be excused the indecency of this behaviour, yet give me leave to tell you, that none but a bear would ridicule any religious ceremonies whatsoever, in the presence of those who believe them of importance..” The man was confounded, and shared but little sympathy from his companions; and such time as Mr. Spence continued in the room at supper, he received the most serious and respectful attention.—*Methodist Magazine*.

In a Love-feast at York, Mr. Spence made the following observations, “ My brethren, several of you have spoken of the Lord’s gracious dealings with you; and I have remarked, that you have generally concluded by telling us how many years you have been in the Methodist Society. One has told us that he has been seven years; another, twelve; another, fifteen; and another, twenty. Many of you have also said. ‘ That you never had a temptation to leave it.’ I have been thirty-four years in the society, and I acknowledge before you all, that I once had a very strong temptation to leave it, and to have nothing more to do with the Methodists, but I thought within myself, I will do nothing rashly; I will exercise my reason, and weigh carefully the matter on each side, before I come to a conclusion. I reasoned thus: Suppose I leave the Methodists, they can do without me; they will never miss me; they will go on, as they have gone on from the beginning, without me. But, on the other side, how shall I do without them? The little religion I have, I obtained among them. Had it not been for the Methodists, for any thing I know to the contrary, I might to this day, have remained a cursing, swearing chaise driver. The religious friends that I have, whose sentiments and experience correspond with my own, are all Methodists. The means of grace and religious instruction, by which my soul prospers, I find amongst the same people. Now, if I yield to the temptation, and leave them, what people, what means

shall I substitute in their place? Shall I not be in danger of mixing with the world; of imbibing the spirit of unconverted men; of losing altogether the religion I possess; and in the end of losing my own soul? When I had thus reasoned on the case, the force of the temptation was completely broken; and, having obtained help of God, I continue to this day." These observations, made by this good man, produced a great effect at the time; and left a salutary impression on the minds of all who were present.—*Ibid.*

*The Change.*—Mr. Townley, in his answer to the Abbe du Bois, having mentioned a European, who, by the preaching of the missionaries, had been converted from a life of pride and dissipation, and become a successful preacher of the gospel, adds,—“The change which took place in him was very remarkable, and strongly displayed the power and truth of the gospel; so much so, that a native preacher being asked one day by some pagan Hindoos, ‘What power is there in Jesus Christ whom you talk so much about? What can he do that our gods cannot do?’ replied, ‘Some of you know what was the conduct of such a European,’ naming the person in question, ‘In former days, he was the slave of his appetites and passions, and full of pride; he used to look upon us Hindoos as if we were so many dogs; and when he rode out in his chaise, would use his whip and cut us with it on both sides of his carriage, as he rode along. Now look at the same individual. His conduct is pure and chaste. His demeanour is affable and kind. Hear him preaching the gospel of salvation and peace to you; entreating you also to break off from your iniquities and to give glory to the God of heaven. See him full of love and humility, and ready to fall at your feet, if it would induce you to be reconciled to God. Which of your gods have ever produced such a holy change as this?’”

*Procrastination.*—A woman aged 72, who had never attended to the concerns of her soul, was taken suddenly ill. A person was sent for to pray with her. Was she ready now to attend to the calls of the Gospel, and to seek salvation by repentance? “O,” said she, “I am too unwell to attend to that subject now. I hope to recover, and believe I shall, and then I will think of religion.” She soon fell into a lethargy, and in one week was laid in the grave. An awful monument of delaying repentance, even on the threshold of eternity.—*The World.*

It is recorded of Archius, a Grecian magistrate, that a conspiracy was formed against his life. A friend who knew the plot, dispatched a courier with the intelligence, who on being admitted to the presence of the magistrate, delivered to him a packet with this message:—“My Lord, the person who writes you this letter, conjures you to read it immediately, it contains serious matters.” Archius, who was then at a feast, replied smiling, “Serious affairs to-morrow,” put the packet aside, and continued the revel. On that night the plot was executed, the magistrate slain, and Archius, on the morrow when he intended to read the letters, a mutilated corpse, leaving to the world a fearful example of the effects of procrastination. My friends, when God says to-day, do not reply to-morrow.—*Rev. J. A. James.*

*Seven Sacraments.*—It is well known that the Church of Rome maintains that there are seven sacraments. One of her learned Doctors found them in the miracle of our Lord’s feeding the multitude with five loaves and two fishes. On which a Protestant observed, “It seems there are two of God’s making, and five of the bakers.”

*Prayer Answered.*—The Emperor Marcus Antoninus, being in Almagne with his army, was enclosed in a dry country by the enemy, who stopped all the passes, so

that he and his army were in imminent danger of perishing for want of water. The lieutenant of the emperor observing the distress of his master, told him that he had heard that the Christians could obtain anything by their prayers, of their God. On this, the emperor having a legion of christians among his troops, desired them to supplicate their God, for the army's deliverance from the destruction which threatened it. They immediately complied ; and soon afterwards a violent thunder storm arose, which beat down their enemies ; and at the same time poured down plentiful showers on the Romans. Thus their thirst was satisfied, and their foes discomfited.

The natives of the South Sea Islands, on one occasion, came down upon the Missionaries with the intention of taking away their lives, for the very purpose of obtaining possession of their articles of dress, furniture, &c., which they coveted. The missionaries, after having expostulated with the men in vain, turned towards each other, and bowed down to God in prayer ; and, though fervently engaged in this exercise, they expected every moment the war-club would come and dash out their brains. At length one of them ventured to look, and the natives were gone. They went further and examined carefully, for they feared there was an ambush, or some stratagem, but the natives were not to be found. They went to the sea-shore, but they were not there ; at length they met a little boy, whom they asked, " Where are the people ?" He answered, " Why, dont you know ? They are gone over to the other side of the island to hide themselves in the wood ; they saw you praying. and heard you calling on your God, and they know that your God is a great and mighty God, and they were afraid that he would come down and kill them all, and so they all ran away to hide themselves." Had the missionaries been men of another mind, they might have attempted to meet

these unhappy men foot to foot, as Greek to Greek, and with the tug of war; but would they have succeeded so well, and so honourably to themselves as Christians? A victory like this is calculated to inspire us with confidence in God, and say, "Some trust in horses, and some in chariots; but we will remember the name of our God." "They are brought down and fallen, but we are risen and stand upright." Then let us, as Christians, by our example and efforts, seek to spread these principles, and thus assist in hastening the reign of that blessed Redeemer, whose glorious title is Prince of Peace.—*Dr. Bennett.*

"Ejaculatory prayer," says an old American divine, "is the soul's first breathing, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner;' and a saint's last breathing 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' It is also the first and last act of solemn prayer, 'Lord, teach me how to pray'—and 'Lord, hear my prayer for Christ's sake.' It is the echo of the spirit, moved by the hand of the spirit of God. It is the vent of a gracious heart 'filled with the spirit, very precious to the Lord.' Nothing will keep us in so calm and tranquil a frame as this dear friend, cultivate it with care, and you will find its blessedness and reward. I once read of a lady who in a time of peculiar difficulty, found the blessing of it by immediate deliverance. She was in the habit of attending week night services, at a distance from her residence: her friends endeavoured to persuade her that the road was lonely, and that she was exposed to danger in going, but she felt constrained to persevere; she loved the courts of the Lord's house, and He favoured her with His presence, which she esteemed it worth the sacrifice or self-denial of a lonely walk to secure—she said she had never been molested, and her confidence in God was so great, that he would deliver her if ever she was in any circumstances of danger. This her strong faith in God was once put to the test;

she was tried, and God in whom she trusted appeared for her help; and was nigh at hand to deliver. On one occasion, returning through a wood, she was suddenly stopped by two ruffians, who threatened her life. After a moment's hesitation, she dropped on her knees and exclaimed aloud, 'Now, Lord Jesus, help!' This short ejaculation was immediately heard and answered - she called upon God in this her day of trouble; and although her prayer was short, yet God so disposed the hearts of her enemies that they were at peace with her; they were so struck with the manner of her calling upon the Lord for help, that they instantly left her to pursue her way home without molestation. Thus God honoured her faith, and proved Himself gracious in being the answerer of her prayer.

Speede, in his history of Britain, tells us that Richard I, besieged a castle with his army; the besieged offered to surrender if he would save their lives, he refused, and threatened to hang them all; upon this a soldier charged his bow with a square arrow, making first his prayer to God that he would direct the shot, and deliver the innocent from oppression. The arrow struck the king himself, of the wound he died, and they were delivered.

*A Remarkable Story.*—Dr. Horneck, in his great law of consideration, tells us the following remarkable story, in proof of that scriptural declaration, "He that watereth shall be watered again."

"In Nisibis, a city of Mesopotamia, there lived a religious woman who had a heathen for her husband. They were poor, yet by hard labour had got fifty pounds together; whereupon the husband thought good to put it out to interest, that they might not live upon the main stock. His wife being a christian, readily told him that none paid greater interest for money lent him, than the God of the christians. The man, pleased with the news,

asked where this God was to be met with. The woman told him in such a church he had deputies that would receive the sum. They took the money, and to the church they went, where they saw some poor widows sitting. The woman said, these are the deputies of the God of the christians, who will receive your money, and pay you interest. The man, not much pleased with his security, yet, overpersuaded by his wife, let the poor widows have it; who, not knowing the man's intent, thankfully received it.

"A quarter of a year after, the man finding himself pinched for want of necessaries, bade his wife to go and demand a quarter's interest; to which she replied, that if he would go to the widows, she did not doubt but he might have it.

"Accordingly he went to the poor women, with whom he expostulated; but what he had given them was consumed, and they were so far from paying him any interest, that they were ready to beg more money of him: with that he went out of the church sad and sorrowful; but, in going, he spied one of the pieces of gold which he had given to the poor, which it seems he had accidentally dropped on the floor at the time it was distributed. He took it up, went home, and complained to his wife of the cheat those poor widows had put upon him. She bade him trust in that God whom he had lent the money to, and take the piece he had found and buy necessaries for the family. He went to the market-place, and, among other things, bought some fish, which were to be dressed for dinner. His wife, on opening one of the fishes, found in its belly a precious stone, which betrayed its worth by its unusual glittering. The man carried it to a jeweller, who presently gave him three hundred pounds for it; at which the man was so transported, that he began praising the God of the Christians, and became one himself, being astonished at

the Providence that had so miraculously disposed of second causes for his signal profit and emolument."

*Professor Leslie.*—When Professor Leslie was one day walking along the Canongate at Edinburgh, three wags, thinking to show their wit as they passed, thus accosted him "Good morning, Father Abraham," said the first; "Good morning, Father Isaac," said the second; "Good morning, Father Jacob," said the third. "I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob; but," replied the Professor, "I am Saul, the son of Kish, looking for my father's asses, and behold I have found three of them."

*Decision of Character.*—You may recollect the mention, in one of our conversations, (says Mr. Foster, in his volume of Essays,) of a young man who wasted, in two or three years, a large patrimony in profligate revels with a number of worthless associates calling themselves his friends, till his means were exhausted, when they of course treated him with contempt. Reduced to absolute want, he one day went out of the house with an intention to put an end to his life, but wandering a while almost unconsciously, he came to the brow of an eminence which overlooked what were lately his estates: here he sat down, and remained fixed in thought a number of hours, at the end of which he sprang from the ground with a vehement exulting emotion. He had formed his resolution, which was, that all these estates should be his again; he had formed his plan too, which he instantly began to execute. He walked hastily forward, determined to seize the very first opportunity, of however humble a kind, to gain any money, though it were ever so despicable a trifle, and resolved absolutely not to spend, if he could help it, a farthing of whatever he might obtain. The first thing that drew his attention was a heap of coals emptied out of carts on the pavement

before a house. He offered himself to shovel or wheel them into the place where they were to be laid, and was employed. He received a few pence for the labour; and then, in pursuance of the saving part of his plan, requested some small gratuity of meat and drink, which was given him. He then looked out for the next thing that might chance to offer; and went, with indefatigable industry, through a succession of servile employments, of longer or shorter duration, still scrupulously avoiding, as far as possible, the expense of a penny, he promptly seized every opportunity which could advance his design, without regarding the meanness of occupation or appearance. By this method he had gained, after a considerable time, money enough to purchase, in order to sell again, a few cattle, of which he had taken pains to understand the value. He speedily but cautiously turned his first gains into second advantages; retained without a single deviation his extreme parsimony; and thus advanced by degrees into larger transactions and incipient wealth. I did not hear, or have forgotten, the continued course of his life; but the final result was, that he more than recovered his lost possessions, and died an inveterate miser, worth sixty thousand pounds. I have always recollected this as a signal instance, though in an unfortunate and ignoble direction, of decisive character, and of the extraordinary effect, which, according to general laws, belongs to the strongest form of such a character.

*The Difference between Go and Come.*—A gentleman in Surrey, says Wanley, had land which was worth two hundred pounds per annum, and which he himself cultivated; but as his income arising from it was not equal to his expenditure, he was necessitated to sell one half of it to pay his debts, and let the rest to a farmer for a term of twenty-one years. Before that term was expired, the farmer, one day, bringing his rent, asked him if he would

sell the land. "Why," said he, "would you buy it?" "If it please you," said the farmer. "How!" said he, "that is strange. Tell me how this comes to pass, that I could not live upon twice as much land, being my own; and you upon one half of it, though you have paid the rent, are able to buy it?" "O!" said the farmer, "two words only make all the difference. You said Go; and I say Come." "What is the meaning of that?" said the gentleman. "You laid in bed," said the farmer, "or took your pleasure, and sent others about your business: I rise early, and see my business done myself. You said to the men, 'Go, and do the work;' I say, 'Come, and do it;' so that I have my eye upon them, and even afford them assistance."—*Cottager's Friend*.

*Insolence checked.*—Rabbi Eleazar returning from his master's residence to his native place, was highly elated with the great knowledge he had acquired. On his way he overtook a singularly misshapen and misfeatured person, who was travelling to the same town. The stranger saluted him by saying, "Peace be upon thee, Rabbi." Eleazar, proud of his learning, instead of returning the civility, noticed only the traveller's deformity; and by the way of joke, said to him, "Raca, are the inhabitants of thy town all as misshapen as thou art?" The stranger, astonished at Eleazar's want of manners, and provoked by the insult, replied, "I do not know; but thou hadst better make these inquiries of the great Artist that made me." The Rabbi perceived his error, and, alighting from the animal on which he rode, threw himself at the stranger's feet, and entreated him to pardon a fault committed in the wantonness of his heart, and which he most sincerely regretted. "No," said the stranger, "go first to the Artist that made me, and say to him, Great Artist, oh! what an ugly vessel hast thou

produced!" Eleazar continued his entreaties; the stranger persisted in his refusal. In the meantime, they arrived at the Rabbi's native city. The inhabitants being apprised of his arrival, came in crowds to meet him, exclaiming, "Peace be upon thee, Rabbi! welcome our instructor!" "Whom do you call Rabbi?" asked the stranger. The people pointed to Eleazar. "And him ye honour with the name of Rabbi!" continued the poor man: "Oh, may Israel not produce many like him!" He then related what had happened. "He has done wrong; he is aware of it," said the people. "Do forgive him; for he is a great man, well versed in the law." The stranger then forgave him; and intimated that his long refusal had no other object than that of impressing the impropriety on the Rabbi's mind. The learned Eleazar thanked him; and whilst he held out his own conduct as a warning to the people, he justified that of the stranger, by saying, "That though a person ought ever to be as flexible as a reed, and not as stubborn as a cedar, yet to insult poverty or natural defect is no small crime, and one that we cannot expect to be readily pardoned.—*Hebrew Tales.*

*Awful Death of a Backslider.*—A minister who was once called to visit a man in despair, thus describes the awful scene: "His appearance was terrific. His extended mouth, his distorted features, his dark and rolling eyes, gave a peculiarity to the object which the feelings of humanity could scarcely endure. I stood motionless. He saw me, and thus addressed me: 'Come here, young man, and see what it is to forsake the Saviour of the world. Fourteen years ago I was a professor of religion. I walked in the fear of the Lord, and often enjoyed that peace which passeth all understanding. I removed from Romsey, and settled at Portsmouth. From that time I forsook my closet, my Bible, and my place of worship;

and now God has forsaken me. I feel more anguish than I can express. Poor Mark! thou wast once a happy man, but now thou art miserable; once animated with a hope of future happiness, but now tormented by despair. If I were in hell I could not suffer more.' Addressing his wife, who stood weeping by his bed-side, he said, 'Water, water, give me water; for in five minutes it will be denied me.' When he had taken a little he looked me in the face, and said, 'O that I could take some with me to hell! But that is impossible!' He then lifted up his eyes, and thus addressed his Sovereign Judge: 'Righteous art thou, O Lord, when thou judgest; and just art thou when thou dost condemn. I deserve all that I suffer. I have abused thy mercy; I have defied thy power. When sinking beneath thy vengeance I will exclaim, Thou art just and holy!'

*Secret Prayer.*—Secret prayer is the greatest enemy the devil has; he cannot endure that people shall go and pray in secret, because no duty can be more powerful in the pulling down of Satan's kingdom in the soul, and setting up the kingdom of Christ, than secret prayer.—*Matthew Henry.*

*Mr. Matthew Mead.*—Matthew Mead, an eminent non-conformist minister, was politely addressed by a nobleman—"I am sorry, Sir, that we have not a person of your abilities with us in the Established Church; he would be extensively useful there." "You dont, my lord. require persons of great abilities in the establishment?" "Why so, Sir?" replied the nobleman. "Because," said Mr. Mead, "When you christen a child, you regenerate it by the Holy Ghost; when you confirm a youth you assure him of God's favour, and the forgiveness of all his sins; when you visit a sick person, you absolve him from all his iniquities; and when you bury the dead,

you send them all to Heaven ! Of what particular service, then, can great abilities be in your communion."—*Christian Advocate.*

*Remarkable sayings of Children.*—There was a great deal of Christianity in the saying of the poor little child, when questioned by the sabbath-school teacher, if she was not afraid to die ? The little child said, "No," "Not afraid to die ! why are you not afraid to die ?" continued the teacher. "I wish to die because I shall go to Heaven." "But why do you wish to go to Heaven ?" "Because I shall be with Jesus—with my Saviour !" "But what" enquired the teacher, again, "if Jesus should go out of Heaven ?" "Oh, then," said the dying infant, "I would go along with him."—*Rev. John M'Lean.*

A little boy, six years old, whose father had recently died, had gone to bed one evening, when his mother sat by the nursery fire, weeping at the remembrance of her loss. She supposed her son was asleep ; but after a little time he raised his head, and said, "Mamma, wont God be willing to be your husband ?" "Why, my dear," said his mother, "how came you to think he would ?" "Because you say, now that papa is gone to heaven, God will be my father, and I dont see why he wont be willing to be your husband too."

A little girl in Ireland, of Catholic parents, found her way to the Protestant sunday school ; there she made considerable progress, and she obtained a copy of a Testament as a present : that Testament she read, felt, and understood. One day the priest came into the house, and saw the book on the table : he immediately laid his hands upon it, and said, "What is that ?" "That," said the mother, "is a book that has been given to my little girl, by somebody." The priest found out what the book was—proceeded to the fire—put it into the fire—and

stood by it till the element of destruction had completed its work. The little girl then burst into tears, because her Testament was burned ; and the mother wept, because she sympathized with her daughter ; and while mother and daughter were both in tears, that minister of mercy walked away. Well, the little girl felt so much for her mother, that she turned to her and said, " Do not be so much distressed ; for although the priest has burned the Testament, I have got the first nine chapters of the Gospel of St. Matthew by heart, and they cannot burn them ! " *Rev J. E. Beaumont.*

A conversation took place between a Socinian and an intelligent lad on his return from school, one afternoon. The dialogue was as follows :—" Well, my lad, where have you been ? " " To the school, Sir. " " And what have you been reading ? " " The first chapter of John. " " Well, will you read it to me ? " He commenced—" In the beginning was the word," &c. " O, my lad, you are not to suppose this refers to Jesus Christ, or that he was truly God ; it is an eastern figure of speech. " " An eastern figure of speech ! " exclaimed the boy, " I cannot understand what you say. " After a little further conversation, the lad observed, " Well, Sir, I'll read it as you say I should—' In the beginning was an eastern figure of speech, and the eastern figure of speech was God '—why, after all, Sir, Jesus Christ must be God. "—*Mr. Thompson.*

A poor blind girl brought to a clergyman, thirty shillings for the missionary cause. He objected, saying, " You are a poor blind girl, and cannot afford to give so much. " " I am, indeed, blind, " said she, " but I can afford to give these thirty shillings, better, perhaps, than you suppose. " " How so ? " " I am, Sir, a basket-maker, and can work as well in the dark as in the light. Now I am sure in the last dark winter, it must have cost those girls who have eyes, more than thirty shillings for

caudles to work by, which I have saved, and therefore hope you will take it for the missionaries."—*Missionary Anecdotes*, p. 318.

A little boy was once sitting beside his Aunt, and in his play was turning over the Prayer Book, he enquired of her the meaning of the words in the Litany, "Good Lord deliver us." His aunt explained that it was a prayer offered in certain seasons of difficulty and danger. The child went on with his play, and appeared to take no further notice of the explanation. A few days after, as the little boy was playing on the grass-plot, a large turkey cock came running towards him, apparently for the purpose of attacking him; at this moment, his aunt approached towards him, and heard him offer up this child-like prayer—"Good Lord, deliver me from this turkey cock." This simple fact shows the importance of impressing the subject of prayer on the minds of the youngest children.—*Sunday School Teachers' Magazine*.

An Irish boy who loved the Scriptures, was one day going to school; on his way he was met by a Popish priest who was not so averse to the Scriptures as most of his brethren are. The priest asked the boy what book it was which he carried under his arm? "It is a will, sir," said the boy. "What will?" rejoined the priest. "The last will and testament that Jesus Christ left to me, and to all who desire to claim a title to the property therein bequeathed," replied the boy. "What did Christ leave you in that will?" "A kingdom, sir." "Where does that kingdom lie?" "It is the kingdom of heaven, sir." "And do you expect to reign as a king there?" "Yes, sir, as joint-heir with Christ." "And will not every person get there as well as you?" "No, sir; none can get there but those that can claim their title to that kingdom on the ground of this will." The priest asked several other questions, to which the boy

gave such satisfactory answers as quite astonished him. "Indeed," said he, "you are a good little boy; take care of the book wherein God gives you such precious promises; believe what he has said, and you will be happy here and hereafter.—*Rev. A. Gun.*

Two neighbouring tenants of a Duke of this county rented two large farms for a number of years. At length that arm which depopulates families, and neither spares nor pities rank nor age, called the master of one of the farms into eternity. His widow was left with a large family of small children, and instead of affording that instruction and consolation which a person in such circumstances required, the other neighbour cast his covetous eye on one of her best sheep fields, and, by applying to the steward, obtained his consent to take it from her. The tidings were communicated to her, with which she became almost overwhelmed with grief, and did not know what to do. She wept and sighed, and sighed and wept. While weeping one morning, one of her little boys came running into the house and said, "What are you crying at, mammy?" The mother said, "Mr. ——— has been to the steward, and is going, love, to take the best sheep field from us, and then I cannot pay my way, nor clothe you, nor send you to school." "Oh! mammy, mammy, never mind; I'll go to Duke, and tell him all about it for you." The mother smiled at his courage, and said, "Oh! po-po, Duke would not hear you speak." "Why, mammy, don't mind; only put me my best clothes on, and let me go." His mother gave him liberty to go, and dressed him, and away the little boy went, as cheerful as a lark. He came first to the porter's lodge, and inquired if Duke was at home. He was answered, "Yes." He then marched on the coach road up to the mansion, where he inquired of the butler if Duke was at home. He was answered, "Yes." "Sir," said he, "I want to see him." The butler smiled at him, and

said, "Oh! you cannot see the Duke." "But, sir," said he, "I have come to see him, and I must see him." "O, my little fellow, if you stop all the day perhaps you'll not see him." "Well," said he again, "if I stop all the week I must see him." The butler went and informed his Grace the Duke that one of his tenant's little boys had come, and would not leave without seeing him. "Oh!" said the Duke, "let the little fellow come in." So the butler made haste to the little boy, and said, "Now, you have never before spoken to the Duke, you must mind, when you speak to him, instead of saying 'sir,' you must make a bow, and say 'your Grace,'" and took him by the hand, and introduced him to the presence of his Grace the Duke, who smiled to see the little boy. "What do you want?" He made a bow, and said, "For what I am about to receive the Lord make me truly thankful." He then stated how that Mr. ——— was going to take his mother's best sheep field from her, and if he did she could not pay her way, nor clothe them, nor send them to school. The Duke, affected even to tears, said, "Well, but if mother keeps her field, can she pay her way, and bring up her family?" "Oh! yes, sir; mother thinks she can." "Well, then," said the Duke, "you must tell her from me she shall never be disturbed of it as long as I live." He then made another bow, and said, "For what I have received the Lord make me truly thankful." His Grace the Duke was so pleased with his affecting tale of woe, and the simple manner of his addressing him, that he ordered the butler to let him have plenty to eat and drink, "and he need not say his Grace once to you, for he has said it twice to me."—*Rev. J. Matfin.*

*Deference to the Scriptures.*—A woman once observed concerning Jonah being swallowed by the fish, that if her Bible said that Jonah swallowed the fish, instead

of the fish swallowing Jonah, she would believe it. This remark may be laughed at, but her's is the only rational principle on which the Bible can be received. She believed, not because she could explain or account for the miracles recorded, but because of the Divine authority of Him from whom the Bible comes. That authority established, (and it has been so established that it can defy the gates of Hell,) and the reasonableness of this woman's language is plain.—*Evangelical Magazine*, 1825.

*Strange fate of Sovereigns.*—Mary died on the scaffold ; Elizabeth, of a broken heart ; Charles V. a hermit ; Louis XIV. a bankrupt in means and glory ; and Napoleon a prisoner.

*The Jewels, a Tradition of the Rabbins.*—The celebrated teacher, Rabbi Meir, sat during the whole of one Sabbath day in the public school, and instructed the people. During his absence from his house, his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bed chamber, laid them upon the marriage bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening Rabbi Meir came home. "Where are my sons," he asked, "that I may give them my blessing?" "They are gone to the school," was the answer. "I repeatedly looked round the school," he replied, "and I did not see them there." She reached to him a goblet. He praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked, "Where are my sons, that they may drink of the cup of blessing?" "They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him that he might eat. He was in a gladsome and genial mood, and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him :—"Rabbi, permit me one question?" "Ask it, then, my love," he

replied. "A few days ago a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again; should I give them back to him?" "This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What! wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?" "O no," replied she; "but I thought it would be best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith." She then led him to their chamber, and, stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies. "Ah, my sons! my sons!" thus loudly lamented the father; "My sons! the light of mine eyes, and the light of my understanding! I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the law!" The mother turned away, and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand, and said, "Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that one must not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!" "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir, "and blessed be his name for thy sake too; for well is it written, Whoso hath found a virtuous wife, hath a greater treasure than costly pearls: she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

*The Missionary Meeting.*—"Let me see," said the pretty little daughter of Monsieur R—, as she mused on her pecuniary possessions; "I have twenty francs (sixteen shillings and eight pence in value), and I will dispose of them. Three to buy my dear sister Charlotte a new handkerchief; six for presents for my cousin Valence; eight will purchase something for my dear mama; and the other three some doll or toy for my pretty little Vincent." (It may here be remarked, it is a custom in France to make presents, on New Year's Day, to ac-

quaintances.) "But"—and she stopped short, as if some sudden thought had disconcerted all her arrangements. There was a pause for some moments, and a cloud passed over the sunny brow of the child, bearing witness to the struggle that passed within. What struggle could possibly engage the thoughts of one so young and so innocent? Her own words shall say:—"But there is the Missionary Society and the poor heathen of whom I read last night, and what shall I have to give to God's cause?" She strove to repress her feelings, but she could not; the tears rose in her eyes, rolled along her downy cheek, and fell. Angels would have delighted to bear such tears to the laboratory of the skies, and there to have analyzed them; they were the overflowings of the soul, and the struggle of love and charity produced them. But a smile passed over her soft features, and, wiping the dew drops of pity from her eyes, she continued, "Well, I am determined, let whatever will happen, the poor missionaries shall not suffer. I know my mother will not kiss me so warmly as she will my sisters—my little brother will look angry and peevish—my sisters will reproach and my cousin revile me—but I will give God my little all, and leave the rest to him."

How noble was her resolve, and well-placed her confidence! That same evening the grand room of the Hotel Rue St. — presented a delightful scene. Crowds were seated on the forms, and crowds standing on the floor, and crowds thronged the doors. On a lofty platform stood several men of God, who interested the audience with animated appeals and anecdotes of the heathen world. Some of these had personally laboured in distant parts as missionaries and catechists, who related the conversions that had been made of ungodly men to the spirit of christianity, and of the many dangers they had endured in their travels. After they had ended, a hymn of praise was sung, and a collection

was announced. All the hearers at departing gave according to their ability. Some rich persons dropped in many louis d'ors, (a louis d'or is sixteen shillings and eight pence in value,) the poor gave a few sous each, (a sous is a halfpenny in value,) some gave more, some less. Amongst the crowd was a little girl, and as she passed the plate, she modestly and timidly dropped in her all—twenty francs.

Reader, this was little Marie, the daughter of Monsieur R—. The morning of the New Year dawned, and before the boatman was heard singing as he crossed and recrossed the Seine, the children of Monsieur R— were gazing on the stock of millinery and ornaments of the Parisian dealers.

"Come here, Marie," said the little boy Vincent. "I should like you to buy me that sword for my New Year's gift."

"Not yet, not yet, my dear child," said the perplexed Marie.

"Marie, dear, do purchase that sweet handkerchief for me."

"I cannot, dear," cried the poor girl, and burst into tears, "I cannot."

Just at this moment the arrival of a stranger put an end to the conversation. He was a mild venerable looking man, with a countenance full of benevolence: walking up to Marie, he looked full in her face and exclaimed, "God bless you, my pretty little maiden, did I not see you at the missionary meeting last eve?"

"I was there, sir."

"Then shake hands with me," cried he, and seizing her hand, he shook it violently, and again exclaiming, "God bless you!" he rushed away, and was very soon lost amidst the stalls that occupied the space. Marie stood aghast. The stranger had fled, but he had left his purse in her hands. She opened it; in it were three

louis d'ors, some francs, and a paper bearing this text, "Whoso giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. My child use this money as you see fit."

"Now, my dear brother and sister, I will buy whatever you may desire," cried the enraptured girl.

But who was the stranger? Interested reader, ask no questions.

*The Widow's Son, or Prayer answered.*—In a village which stands on the sea shore there lately lived a widow and her little son, a lad about ten years of age. She had formerly seen better days. Her husband was a sea captain, and supported his family in ease and affluence; but amidst his own, and the hopes of his family, he was lost at sea, and his property shared the same fate. The widow had two little sons, one six years old, and the other above named then an infant. She retired from the circle in which she had so long moved with esteem, and purchased a neat little cottage which stands by the water side. Here she brought up her little boys, and early endeavoured to lead them "in the way they should go." She felt herself a pilgrim below, and taught her sons that this world was never designed for our home.

This little family lived retired, beloved, and respected; the mother would often lead her children on the hard sandy beach just as the setting sun was gilding the smooth blue waters with her yellow tints. She would then tell them of their father, who was gone, and with her finger would write his name upon the sand, and as the next wave obliterated every trace of writing, would tell them that the hopes and joys of this world are equally transient. When the eldest son arrived at the age of twelve, he was seized with an incurable desire of going to sea. He had heard sailors talk of their voyages, of visiting other climes and other countries, and his imagination threw before him a thousand pleasures could

he also visit them. The remonstrances and entreaties of a tender parent and an affectionate little brother were all in vain. He at length wrung a reluctant consent from his mother, and receiving from her a Bible, a mother's blessing and prayers, he embarked on board a brig. He promised his mother, as he gave a last parting hand, that he would daily read his Bible, and as oft commit himself to God in prayer. A few tears and a few sighs escaped him as he saw the last blue tints of his native land fade from his sight, for there was the cottage of his mother and all the joys of his childhood. But all was novelty around him, and he soon forgot those pangs among other cares and other scenes. For some time he remembered his promise to his mother, and daily read his Bible; but the sneers of the wicked crew called his mind from reviewing the instructions of his pious mother, and he placed his Bible in the bottom of his chest to slumber with his conscience. During a severe storm, indeed when it seemed destruction was yawning to receive every soul on board, he thought of his mother, his home, and his promises, and, in the anguish of his heart, resolved to mend should his life be spared. But when the storm subsided, the seas were smooth, and the clear sun brought joy and gladness over the great waters, he forgot all his promises, and it now seemed as if the last throb of conscience was stifled; no one of the crew could be more profane, no one more ready to scoff at that religion which in his childhood and innocence he had been taught to love and revere.

After an absence of several years this youth once more drew near his native land. He had traversed the globe over, but during this time he had never written to his mother nor heard from her. Though he had thrown off all restraint, and blunted the finer feelings of his nature, yet his bosom throbbed with pleasure at the thought of once more meeting his parent and brother.

It was in the fall of the year when he returned, and on a lovely eve in September walked towards his long-deserted home. Those only are acquainted with the pleasures of the country who have spent their youth in rural retirement. As the young sailor drew near the spot where he spent his early days, as he ascended the last sloping hill which hid from his sight the little stage on which he had acted his first scene in the drama of life, his memory recalled to his mind all the scenes of his happier days, while fancy whispered deceitfully hours equally agreeable would be realized again. He now saw the rising hills over which he had so often roamed, the grove through which he had so often wandered, while it echoed with the music of the feathered tribe—the gentle stream on whose banks he had so often sported, and the rising spire of the temple of Jehovah—all tended to excite the most encouraging sensations. He drew near the cottage of his mother, and found all stillness; nothing was to be heard save the gentlest murmurs of the unruffled waves or the distant bark of a village dog. A solemnity seemed to be breathed around him, and as he rapped at his mother's door his heart misgave him, though he knew not why. He knocked, but no one bid him enter; he called, but no answer was returned, save the echo of his own voice; it seemed like knocking at the door of the tomb. The nearest neighbour, hearing the noise, came and found the youth sitting and sobbing on the steps at the door. "Where," cried he with eagerness, "where is my mother and brother? Oh! I hope they are not"—"If," said the stranger, "you inquire for widow —, I can only pity you; I have known her but a short time, but she was the best woman I ever knew. Her little boy died of a fever about a year ago, and in consequence of fatigue in taking care of him, and anxiety for a long absent son at sea, the good widow was buried yesterday." "O God!" cried the youth, "have

I stayed only long enough to kill my mother, wretch that I am? Shew me the grave. I have a knife in my bundle! let me die with my mother, my poor broken-hearted parent." "Hold, my friend," said the astonished neighbour; "if you are this woman's eldest son, I have a letter for you, which she wrote a few days before she died, and desired you might receive it should you ever return." They both turned from the cottage and went to the house of the neighbour. A light having been produced, the young man threw down his bundle and hat, and read the following short letter, while his manly cheeks were covered with tears:—

"My dearest only Son,—When this reaches you I shall be no more. Your little brother has gone before me, and I cannot but hope and believe he was prepared. I had fondly hoped I should once more have seen you on the shores of mortality, but the hope is now relinquished. I have followed you by my prayers through all your wanderings; often when you little suspected, even in the dark cold nights of winter, have I prayed for my lost son. There is but one thing which gives me pain at dying, and that is, my dear William, that I must leave you in this wicked world, as, I fear, unreconciled to your Maker. I am too low to say more, my glass is run. When you visit the sods which cover my dust, O remember too that you must soon follow. Farewell; the last breath of your mother will be in praying for you, that we may meet above."

The young man's heart was melted on reading these few words from the parent whom he had so tenderly loved; and I will only add that this letter was the means, in the hands of God, of bringing this youth to a saving knowledge of the "truth as it is in Jesus," and that he is now a very respectable and pious man, and that we learn from scripture and from daily experience that "praying breath" shall never be spent in vain.

*A Fisherman's Letter, in which he allegorizes his Life.*

—The following letter is an exact copy of an original one from a Cornish fisherman to a friend in Portsea:—

“ Respected and very dear Friend,—The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, with every covenant mercy and gospel blessing, be added in rich abundance to your consolation. I am still in the land of the living, a monument of divine compassion. It is now sixty years since I first entered on the voyage of life and launched out on the waves of tumult. My first course, under a press sail, was directly before the wind; nor did I veer a single point, or change tack or sheet for twenty years. But exactly at the end of that time I was favoured with a sight of the sun, and consequently had a true observation; corrected my dead reckoning, and found by calculation that I was running into danger, being completely embayed on an enemy's coast and a leeward shore, my situation became still more perilous on account of a rapid current which in these low latitudes is constantly and invariably setting to leeward. I then immediately and without hesitation, for there was no time to be lost, hauled my vessel close by the wind. But a new scene quickly turned up, for I had very soon to encounter strong gales accompanied with a tremendous sea, which much disabled me in my masts, sails, and rigging. My upper works also became very leaky, which required constant labour and toil at the pumps; so that there remained no other alternative but that of the old adage, ‘ Pump or sink.’ It is now 40 years since I braced sharp up, beating to windward, and toiling hard to make the blessed shore. But my weathering all the rocks and shoals has often been exceedingly doubtful; and here I am still, like an old shattered weather-beaten barque, tossed up and down on the boisterous ocean of time, and buffeted by the rude waves of temptation and sorrow, while the roaring billows of adversity often rise high and

break with violence on my weather-bow.

"This morning, however, on being aloft, I was favoured with a distant view of the land, which appeared to be pleasant and beautiful. But what rendered the prospect still more delightful was its appearance on my lee-bow. So, my dear brother, I hope to give her a point of the sheet, slack my bow-lines, and run it on my weather-braces. The voyage, indeed, has been long and tedious, but when I reach the harbour it will be doubly sweet and desirable, for all my sorrows will be at an end, and the delights of Paradise will open to my view; yes, my brother, I hope I shall at last, like a gallant and stately vessel under full sail, being wafted by the gentle breezes and pleasant gales of redeeming love, enter with joy and triumph the peaceful harbour, where thousands that were landed before will crowd the eternal quay to greet and hail me welcome. If I am first landed, I have no doubt but I shall be looking out hard for the arrival of my dear friend.

"I am, &c., J. CHURCHILL.

"May 15, 1810."

*Strange story of the famous Lavater.*—"I had been chosen treasurer," said Lavater, "of a certain charitable institution, and had received the funds subscribed for its conduct, when a friend came in great distress, and begged me to advance him a sum of money to save him from bankruptcy. 'You should have it at once, but I have no such sum.' 'You have the charity fund in your power; lend me what I need from that: long before the day comes on which you must pay it over, I shall be able to replace it, and you will save me and mine from ruin.' At last I reluctantly consented. His hopes, as I had foreseen, had been disappointed; he could not repay me; and on the morrow I must give in my accounts. In an agony of feeling, I prayed earnestly that some way of

escaping from my difficulties might present itself, that I might be saved from disgracing religion by such an apparent dishonesty. I rose from my knees, and in the restlessness of a harrassed mind, began to pull open every drawer I had, and ransack its contents. Why I did it, I know not, but, whilst I was thus engaged, my eye caught a small paper parcel, to the appearance of which I was a stranger. I opened it, I took it up, and found that it contained money. I tore it open, and found in it the sum I needed to settle my accounts. But how it came there, or where it came from, I could never learn.”  
*Life of William Wilberforce.*

*A short Sermon on the Fruits of the Spirit.—Gal. v. 22, 23.* “But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.”

Such are the graces of the true christian, by the existence of which in his own soul, he can alone satisfy himself that the Spirit of God dwelleth in him. Great caution should be used to distinguish these infallible marks of a gracious state from corresponding counterfeits.

I. *Love.*—The life of the Apostle John is an illustration of this.

*Love to God.*—A martyr was asked whether he did not love his wife and children, who stood weeping by him. “Love them! yes, if all the world were gold, and at my disposal, I would give it all for the satisfaction of living with them, though it were in a prison—yet in comparison with Christ, I love them not.”

*Love to Mankind.*—The benevolent Howard devoted his fortune and his time to relieve the suffering people of Europe, when they were in their most offensive state, and used every exertion which an ardent spirit could suggest to alleviate their miseries. Not only was his purse open to relieve the bodily sufferings of his fellow-

creatures, but his heart and tongue were prompt to pour into their hearts the healing balm of religion. He was, indeed, a lover of man, and he appropriately terminated his life by falling a martyr to his philanthropy.

*Love to the Truth.*—Good Mrs. Ayscough, who was burned for the Protestant faith, when she was offered her pardon at the stake, on condition that she would renounce the truth, cried out, with holy indignation, “I did not come hither to deny my Lord and Master.” A mincing, timid, partial declaration of the Gospel, is a virtual denial of Christ himself. Rather die with the Gospel standard in your hands, than resign a thread of it to the enemy; like heroic Valasco, the Spanish general, who scorned to surrender the national flag, and nobly expired with his colours wrapped round his arm.

II. *Joy.*—The joy of the world is insane, as it is the prelude to everlasting despair; but the joy of the christain arises from the contemplation of a reconciled God, and a glorious and unfading inheritance in heaven.

When the Rev. Mr. Toplady was dying, he abounded in holy joy. “Oh,” said he, “how this soul of mine longs to be gone! like a bird, imprisoned in a cage, it longs to take its flight. O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away to the realms of bliss, and be at rest for ever. O that some guardian angel might be commissioned, for I long to be absent from this body, and to be with my Lord for ever. O what delights! who can fathom the joys of the third heaven! It will not be long before God takes me, for no mortal man can live (bursting while he said it into tears of joy) after the glories which God has manifested to my soul.”

III. *Peace.*—The peace of reconciliation with God, through Christ—peace of conscience—a peaceful temper.

A dying soldier on the field of Waterloo, requested a comrade to open his knapsack, and take from it his Bible, and read him a few passages before he died. When

asked if he wished any particular passage to be read, he referred to John xiv. 27 :—"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." When this was read, he said, "Now I die happy, I desired to have peace with God, and I possess the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

IV. *Long-suffering*.—M. de Maraolles, a French Protestant, when suffering all the privations and miseries of a prison, during the persecution occasioned by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, instead of complaining of his severe treatment, and railing at his persecutors, was continually finding cause for thankfulness to God. "God," said he, "hath filled my heart with joy. I possess my soul in patience. Thus he makes the days of my affliction pass away. With the bread and waters of affliction with which he tries me, he affords me continually delicious repasts."

V. *Gentleness*.—It was observed of the Countess of Warwick, that she was never betrayed into anger, and that so gentle and amiable was her disposition, that her servants when they had committed a fault, would far rather encounter the Count's furious reproof, than the gentle rebukes of their mistress, who used "soft words and hard arguments."

VI. *Goodness*.—It is recorded of the apostolic Leighton, "that his liberality was boundless; all he received was distributed to the poor, except the bare pittance which his necessities imperiously demanded. To corporeal indulgences, none were ever more indifferent. He thought people in general much too expensive and curious in the preparation of their meals, and wished this domestic profusion were turned into a channel of distribution to the necessities of others. Every thing beyond the mere necessities of life, he termed the overflowing of a full cup, which ought not to run to waste, but descend

into the poor man's platter." When his sister once invited him to eat of a particular dish, extolling it as very good, he declined it, saying, "What is it good for but to please a wanton taste? One thing forbore is better than twenty things taken." "But," answered his sister, "why were these things bestowed on us?" "To see," he rejoined, "how well we could forbear them." He said he was persuaded that the gratifications of bodily appetite would not be so much reckoned on if professing christians had more spiritual sensuality.

VII. *Faith*.—Rev. Edward Lawrence, who was deprived of his living by the Act of Uniformity, when asked how he expected to support his wife and numerous children, replied, with singular confidence in the promise of God, "I intend to live and maintain my family upon the fifth chapter of Matthew.

VIII. *Meekness*.—Dr. Sand, when suffering persecution, was struck heavily on the breast by a stone thrown by a woman. Recovering from the blow, he turned to the aggressor, and meekly said, "Woman, I pray God forgive thee." When on another occasion he was charged, in the most opprobrious and irritating terms, he only smiled.

IX. *Temperance*.—"Be temperate in all things." "Let your moderation be known to all men." The virtue implies an habitual restraint on all our appetites and passions. Luther was so little a slave to his appetites, that he would for days together content himself with a little bread and a single herring.

Bishop Hall used to say, "If I see a dish that tempts my palate, I fear a serpent in it, and would please myself in a wilful denial."

John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, seldom used any beverage but water. On one occasion, being invited to take a glass of wine and water, he replied, "Wine is a noble, generous liquor, and we should be humbly

thankful for it; but, as I remember, water was made before it."

Such are the excellent fruits of the spirit; and they have this distinguished advantage, "that against them there is no law."

*Religion improves the circumstances.*—A gentleman was once walking in the neighbourhood of a large manufacturing town on a very cold winter's morning, when he overtook a plain man, decently clad, and wrapped in a comfortable great coat. After the usual salutations, the gentleman said to the stranger, "I am glad to see thee with such a warm covering this cold morning." "It was not always thus," the man replied; "I was once a poor miserable creature, and had neither good clothes nor good victuals; now I have both, and a hundred pounds in the bank." "What has produced this favourable change?" continued the gentleman. "Religion, sir. I am a good workman; and, as is too commonly the case with such men, spent half my time, and all my wages nearly at the public-house. I was of course always poor and always wretched. By God's direction, I was led to hear the Methodists; when, by divine grace, the word reached my heart. I repented of my sin, and became a new creature in Christ Jesus; old things passed away, and all things became new. Religion made me industrious and sober; nothing now went for sin; and the result is, that I am comfortable and comparatively rich."

*Nature and Art.*—There are very few persons who are real lovers of nature; the greater part of mankind are carried away by something artificial, and they are much more struck with the works of man than the works of God. But, as Cowper says, "God made the country and man made the town."

The excellent Mr. Dodd, when pressed by his companions to see a fine mansion, sat still, surveying a flower which had arrested his eye, and said, "I see more in this flower than in all the mansions I ever have seen or can see. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."—*Rev. W. Jay.*

*Howard.*—Howard was taken by the enemy, and confined in prison. There he became acquainted with the privations of a captive; and this experience, originating in his suffering, excited and directed his thoughts, and led him into all his extraordinary course of usefulness and fame.

*Affecting Illustration.*—A writer in an American paper, after describing the person of a venerable preacher, gives the following account of his discourse on an occasion referred to:—"He read the parable of the prodigal son; and when he came to these words, 'And when he saw him afar off, he ran and fell upon his neck and kissed him,' he stopped. 'This,' said he, 'is my text.' I had heard it preached on a hundred times. I thought I could preach a decent sermon on it myself. But even his manner of reading it told me he had discovered something in this passage of scripture that was new to me. He proceeded to illustrate the love which our heavenly Father bears to his disobedient children by the affection manifested by parents towards their offspring, in all circumstances, even when disobedient and unnatural in their conduct; and the joy they experience when they return to their duty. I felt that I had never heard the subject handled in so interesting and feeling a manner; and my reflections involuntarily took a retrospect of my early life, and I taxed my memory for an unkind look, word, or action, towards the dear authors of my being. I felt an assurance that those around me were

similarly employed. There was a peculiar solemnity pervading the whole audience. Some eyes began to moisten ; I felt my own do so likewise.

“ But,” says the preacher, “ I will tell you a story. In the year 1821 I was stationed on the Mad River circuit. You know, my friends,” said he, “ there are extensive prairies in that part of the state. In places there are no dwellings within miles of each other, and animals of prey are often seen there. One evening late in autumn, a few of the neighbours were assembled around me, in one of those solitary dwellings, and we had got well engaged in the worship of God, when it was announced that the child of a widow was lost in the prairie. It was cold, the wind blew, and some rain was falling. The poor woman was in agony, and our meeting was broken up. All prepared to go in search of the lost child. The company understood the business better than I did, for they had been bred in those extensive barrens ; and occurrences like the present are probably not unfrequent among them. They equipped themselves with lanterns and torches, for it was quite dark, and tin horns, to give signals to different parts of the company when they should become widely separated. For my part, I thought duty required that I should take charge of the miserable woman. She was nearly frantic, and as time permitted her to view the circumstances of the probable death of her child, her misery seemed to double upon her. She took my arm ; the company divided into parties, and, taking different directions, we commenced the search. The understanding was, that when the child should be found, a certain wind of the horn should be made, and that all who should hear it should repeat the signal. In this way all the company would receive the information. The prospect of finding a lost child in those extensive prairies would, at any time, be sufficiently discouraging. The difficulty must

be greatly increased by a dark rainy night. We travelled many miles, and to a late hour. At length we became satisfied that further search would be unavailing; and all but the mother determined to return home. It was an idea she could not for a moment endure; strength at last began to fail her, and I prevailed on her to return to her abode. As she turned her face from further search, and gave up her child as lost, her misery was almost too great for endurance. 'My child, said she, has been devoured by a wild beast; his little limbs have been torn asunder, and his blood been drunk by the hideous monster,' and the idea was agony. As she clung to my arm, it seemed as if her heart-strings would break. At times I had almost to support her in my arms to prevent her falling to the earth. As we proceeded on our way back, I thought I heard at a great distance the sound of a horn. We stopped and listened; it was repeated. It was the concerted signal. The child was found. And what, said the preacher, 'were the feelings of the mother?' 'My child was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.'

It was too much. The whole assembly burst into an involuntary gush of tears. Some sobbed outright, and others attempted in vain to conceal their emotion. "Such," said the preacher, "are the feelings of your heavenly Father, when he sees his disobedient and wandering children returning unto him, when even afar off."

*Jesus Christ.*—The most excellent subject to discourse or write of is Jesus Christ. Augustine having read Cicero's works, commended them for their eloquence, but he passed this sentence upon them, "They are not sweet, because the name of Jesus is not in them." Indeed, all we say is but unsavoury if it be not seasoned with this salt.—*Isaac Ambrose.*

Christ is fairer than all the flowers of the field, than

all the precious stones of the earth, than all the lights in the firmament, than all the saints and angels in the highest heavens.—*Ibid.*

*Reflections on Temporal Enjoyments.*—The Almighty beholds universal nature at one view; nothing is concealed from his all-piercing eye, nothing too hard for his omnipotent arm. Let us, therefore, be resigned to our lot, whatever it be in this sequestered vale of mortality; remembering that time is so far from being the whole of existence, that it is but a minute spot in the map of beings, a small district in the globe of eternity. Let us, therefore, look upon the sufferings of the present life as the dust of the balance when compared with the happiness of a future existence. “Why,” says an ancient author, “does the world still continue to strive for vain-glory, a bubble which vanishes with a breath of air, and far easier dissolved than the snow on the mountains? Where is Solomon the wise, or Sampson the powerful? Where is Jonathan the faithful friend, or Absalom the vile usurper? To what region is the once victorious Cæsar retired, and what empire does he now command? Where is Epulus with his sumptuous feast, or Aristotle with his boasted system of philosophy? Many persons, famous in their days, who have filled up the list of times, are now expired, like meteors which blaze for a short space, and are seen no more. How vain and transitory, then, is human glory, which, like a light exposed to the fury of the winds, is soon blown out by the breath of dissolution! And how much vainer still is mortal man, who strives to purchase these mean trifles at the expence of his time and felicity!” Years of enjoyment will soon roll over, and hours of pleasure pass with unperceived rapidity away. An age itself presently expires, and a hundred years already past appear but as yesterday. Delights and diversions last only a short time;

nor are sports and carnal pleasures of eternal duration. One movement crushes the pomp and grandeur of a thousand years; and as a sacred writer justly observes, the "fashion of the world is continually passing away."

Thoughts like these will, through divine grace, remove our affections from the transitory pleasures of this lower world, and fix them on those permanent scenes of happiness beyond the grave. They will teach us the insignificancy of the one, and the immense value of the other; and from a comparison of these a certain great man was induced to write the following remarkable epitaph for himself:—

"You who are so assiduously seeking for preferment, honour, and applause, cool your ambitious spirits with the thoughts of mortality. You who have reached the goal, and are pompously seated on your long-desired thrones, be instructed from this monument erected to the king of terrors, that nothing can escape the stroke of his arm. Kingdoms with their princes will soon expire, and crowns and sceptres are but little things in the hand of death. You who were once acquainted with me see what I now am. Yesterday I was esteemed higher than you, and to-morrow may reduce you to the same situation with myself."

Let us engrave such lessons of instruction on the tablet of our memory; and they will teach us the art of numbering our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Then shall we not fear the approach of the king of terrors, nor be terrified at entering the gloomy valley over which death extends his sable wings. And though we are not conducted in stately pomp to the grave, nor attended with a numerous concourse of mourners; though we are not praised with the flattering encomiums of an eloquent orator, nor our actions engraved on pillars of brass or monuments of marble; yet, when time shall have obliterated these inscriptions, and

even bleuded the particles of the tablets with the dust, we shall be inexpressibly happy in the mansions of beatitude.

*Enoch.*—The history of an Enoch is comprised in three words, while the exploits of an Alexander, a Cæsar, or any other of the scourges and destroyers of mankind, swell to many volumes. But what comparison is there between the bubble reputation bestowed by historians, poets, or orators, on the worthless and the wicked, and the solid sterling praise conferred on the wise and good by the Spirit of God, by whom "actions are weighed," and who will at last "bring every secret thing into judgment?" And wo be unto them who "love the praise of men more than the praise of God!"

"Enoch walked with God." Gen. v. 24. Everything else is transitory and fading. Youthful vigour and beauty are but the short-lived flowers of the spring, which die as soon as they are born; the honourable distinctions of this world are bubbles of empty air, which burst in a moment and disappear for ever; scientific researches and discoveries are only amusements of children who "know but in part," and see as "in a glass darkly:" but holy walking with God is the honourable employment of a man; it is a permanent and perennial source of satisfaction; it is the essence of life, the cure of pain, the conqueror of death, the gate of immortality; it is heaven upon earth.

*Thankfulness for the Gift of God's Son.*—To live to Him who died for us, further implies that we are overwhelmed with a sense of gratitude. In the Life of Dr. Doddridge, we have the story of a poor Irishman under sentence of death in the gaol at Northampton. The doctor visited him after his trial, and was so struck with some circumstances in his case, that he wrote a letter in

his behalf, and a respite was obtained. The criminal was so overjoyed at these appearances in his favour, and so grateful to his benefactor, that he threw himself at the feet of the doctor and said, "Sir, every drop of my blood thanks you; for you have had mercy on every drop of it; and I shall come every year from Ireland to pay you the homage of a grateful heart." These were the feelings of a poor man towards a benefactor who made no personal sacrifice in this attempt to save his life, and whose efforts were finally unsuccessful; for in a few days he suffered the sentence of the law. How much more, then, ought we to be affected with the love him who, though the Lord of life and glory, died for our rescue! Ought not each of us to take up the language of the poor Irishman, and say, "Lord, every drop of my blood thanks thee; for thou hast had pity upon every drop of it. For my blood thou didst permit thy own to be shed. For my life thou didst make thine own the sacrifice. Ah! never shall these mercies be buried in forgetfulness. Here, Lord, take the purchase of thy death; I am for ever thine. All these powers with which thou hast endowed me, and which thou hast rescued from an infamous misapplication, shall be employed for thee; all my time, my energies, my influence, shall be devoted to thee, and be spent on the object which thou died to accomplish. I can never discharge—can never utter my obligations. Let everything that hath breath help me to discharge the debt of praise; this, this is the sweetest idea connected with eternity. I shall be filled with the song: Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to Him—to Him—be glory for ever and ever!"—*Rev. W. Ward.*

*The Gospel* is the mighty chariot of salvation; Messiah's moving throne; instinct with life; every sweeping wheel full of eyes and full of energy.—*Rev. R. Watson.*



this bridge, for the sake of enjoying pleasure, is ignorant and foolish. If a wise man erects a building on this bridge, he considers that he must soon leave it ; and he does not encumber himself with ornaments and luxuries ; but his mind is set on making preparations for his journey to another world, a journey which is both long and difficult. He does not wish to load himself with useless burdens, for the more the business of life, the more thought, anxiety and trouble while he lives, and, at death, impatience and regret that he must resign his life, and leave his property to another. If his property has been lawfully obtained, it causes him trouble while he lives, and impatience and regret at death ; and if it has been obtained unlawfully, it causes anxiety in this world, grief at the hour of death, and exposes him to punishment in the world to come.

“ Some wise men have said, ‘ This world is like a dream, and all the inhabitants of the world are like persons asleep ; and when they awake they find that nothing remains of all those things about which they have been dreaming.’ ”

“ Some wise men have said, ‘ This world is like lightning ; as soon as it is seen it disappears.’ ”

“ Some wise men have said, “ This world is like an inn on the road with two doors ; those who come to this inn to-day enter at one door, and to-morrow when they leave go out at the other.’ ”

*Virtue.*—Virtue gives whatever is great and good in man. She gives joys which vice never, with all her flattering promises, pretends to offer ; and bestows a relish upon those that are common to all, which they cannot have without her. Her influence through life diverges into every condition, penetrates into every state ; the guardian of youth, the honour of manhood, and the crown of age ; the shield of prosperity, and the

prop of affliction; our guide in actual life, and our solace in retirement. She holds the keys of life, and will finally open to us the gate of immortality.—*Rev. R. Watson.*

*On profitable Reading.*—Paul gives this advice to Timothy, "Give attention to reading," 1 Tim. iv. 13. There are two extremes. Some read a great deal, but never meditate. Aristippus considered these very properly as great eaters who digest nothing. Mr. Claude advised one of this sort to read nothing for three or four years, as if he had said (adds Bayle), you have eaten enough; now digest. On the other hand, some never read. Those who neglect reading the scriptures, the record which God has given of his Son, act most unwisely, most injuriously. It is as if they expected to live without eating at all.

*Reverse of Fortune.*—When Amer who had conquered Persia and Tartary was defeated by Ismail and was taken prisoner, he sat on the ground, and a soldier prepared a coarse meal to appease his hunger. As this was boiling in one of the pots used for the food of the horses, a dog put his head into it, but from the mouth of the vessel being so small he could not draw it out again, and ran away with both the pot and the meat. The captive monarch burst into a fit of laughter, and on one of his guard demanding what cause upon earth could induce a person in his situation to laugh, he replied, "It was but this morning the steward of my household complained that 300 camels were not enough to carry my kitchen furniture; how easily is it now borne by that dog, who hath carried away both my cooking instruments and dinner."

*Pride.*—A lady once asked a minister whether a per-

son might not attend to dress and the fashions without being proud? "Madam (he replied), whenever you see the tail of the fox out of the hole, you may be sure the fox is there."

*Poor Mary.*—Poor Mary was returning home one day the picture of poverty and want, thoughtful but calm and peaceful; she was joined by a lady of wealth and piety, who had lately met with very heavy afflictions, and was expecting more. She began to tell her sorrows and fears to poor Mary, who heard her with much attention, and then, with all the tenderness and kindness of christian sympathy, begged her to be comforted. She reminded her of the mercy and truth of that God who has promised never to forsake his people; and exhorted her to be grateful for the many blessings she still enjoyed, and to trust in the unchanging love of God for all future ones. By this time they reached the door of old Mary's cottage; she begged the lady to walk in, and, taking her to a closet, said, "Pray, ma'am, do you see anything?" The lady replied, "No." She took her to another closet, and repeated the question; to which the lady replied, with a look of surprise, "No." "Then, madam (said poor Mary), you see all I have in the world. But why should I be unhappy? I have Christ in my heart, and heaven in my eye. I have the unfailing word of promise that bread shall be given me, and water shall be sure, whilst I stay a little longer in this vale of tears; and when I die a bright crown of glory awaits me, through the merits of my Redeemer."

*The triumphs of Christ.*—So glorious shall be his triumphs, so complete his grace, that sooner shall the philosopher number the atoms of which this earth is composed, or the astronomer count the stars of the spangled sky, than any man number the redeemed who

and those of others in the rear ; a very necessary regulation, if we would behold our own foibles in the same light in which the world does ; for we must not expect that others will be as blind to our delinquencies as we ourselves are. They will perceive them, whether we do or not ; and to imagine that the world is unobservant because we try to conceal them, is just as wise as to fancy that others do not see because we shut our eyes.—*B.*

An honest fellow was introduced into the most fashionable circle of a country village ; and though he was neither learned nor brilliant, yet he passed off very well. But he had one incorrigible fault ; he always stayed so as to be the last person who left the room. At length he was asked plainly why he always stayed so long. He replied with great good nature and simplicity, that as soon as a man was gone, they all began to talk against him ; and, consequently, he thought it always judicious to stay till none were left to slander him.—*Visitor.*

*A Wise Fool*—We may learn wisdom even from a madman—for when a military officer visited a lunatic asylum, he was asked of one of the inmates, “ Pray what is that long dangling thing at your side ? ” “ O,” replied the officer, “ that is my sword.” “ Your sword ! ” exclaimed the madman, “ Pray what is it for ? ” “ To kill my enemies with,” said the soldier. “ Kill your enemies indeed ! ” answered the madman, “ if you let them alone, they will die of themselves.”

*The Cross of Christ*—The cross of Christ is the key of Paradise ; the weak man’s staff ; the convert’s convoy ; the upright man’s perfection ; the soul and body’s health ; the prevention of all evil, and the procurer of all good.—*An old Divine.*

Oh, what benefits spring to us through the cross of Jesus ! It was a tree of torture to him, but it is a tree

of life to us ; adorned with clusters of the richest fruit—remission of sins, liberty of access to God, peace of conscience, the first fruits of the spirit, the guardianship of angels, the protection of Providence, the resurrection of the body, the heavenly inheritance—all accrue to us from the cross of Christ. There is not a pang of perdition that shall be prevented from wringing my heart with its torture, not a rapture of heavenly felicity that shall thrill through my bosom, not a ray of glory that shall beam upon me, but shall all be traced to the cross, as the centre around which they revolve, the fountain from whence they all spring. To man the bleeding cross has promised all ; to man the bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace. “ Who gave his life, what gift can he withhold.”—*Rev. J. Leifchild.*

Oh ! what is there so noble so sublime, so majestic, as the crucifixion of our Lord ? Oh ! be christians, be christians. Men talk about deeds of human enterprise, and human chivalry ; they may speak of the senate-house, where the passing of an act of parliament has decided the interests of millions in a single moment ; they may tell of the battle-field, where hundreds have stood for hours, up to the ankles in human blood ; they may speak of the accession of a temporal prince, or a temporal princess, where thousands have been fixed in immoveable gaze at the pomp of majesty. But we will go to the cross ; we will stand by the cross ; we will gaze upon the Saviour ; and we will cry, “ I determine not to know any thing, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.”—*Rev. F. Jobson.*

Christianity with us, is fashionable. The cross is emblazoned on the arms of the great, it is used on military ensigns, it surmounts the stately cathedrals, it is hung as an ornament on the bosoms of our daughters, it is honoured as an emblem of the religion of the land.—*Dr. Waugh.*

*Epitaph.*—It may be written on the grave of every sinner, who lives and dies in that state.—“Here lies the man that never did God an hour’s work in all his life.—*Gurnell.*”

*Ricketty Christians.*—We have many ricketty christians; they hear much and their heads swell with empty notions and indigested opinions; but their legs are crooked, their walking is perverse.—*P. Henry.*

*Christian Missions.*—By a very slight effort of the imaginations, we can cause the hosts of evil to pass before us; and what a spectacle to behold! First come the Jews out of all nations under heaven, each with a veil over his heart, and stained with the blood of the Just One. Next, nominal christians, by myriads, and from all parts of Europe, headed by one who drags a Bible in triumph, as a dangerous book, and embraces an image, or an amulet, instead. Then comes the crescent of imposture, followed by Turkey and Persia, by large tracts of India, the islands of the Eastern sea, Egypt, and Northern Africa, the inhabitants of the largest and fairest portions of the globe. After these, the swarthy tribes of Africa, Central, Western, and Southern, with their descendants of the Western Indies, laden with the spells of witchcraft, and covered with the charms of their fetish worship. Now come the aborigines of the two Americas, and the islanders of the great Pacific, fresh from the scalp-dance, the cannibal feasts, or the worship of the snake god. Next the selfish Chinese, one-third of the species; in appearance all idolaters, in reality all atheists, a world of atheists, to whom all truth is a fable, and all virtue a mystery. Last comes India, the nations of Southern Asia, and the many islands of the Eastern sea, a thousand tribes, including infanticides, cannibals, and the offerers of human blood, dragging their idol gods, an endless train, with Juggers-

naut at their head, worn with the toil of their penances, and marked with the scars of self-torture. And who are these that close the train? The Thugs of India, just discovered, a vast fraternity of secret murderers, the votaries of Kallee, who has given one half of the human race to be slaughtered for her honour. O God! and is this thy world? Are these thy creatures? Where is this thy church? O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee; and thy church, appointed to declare thee, hath neglected to fulfil her trust! Christians did you count their numbers as they passed? Six hundred millions at least. Did you ask yourselves, as they passed, whither they were going? Follow them and see. Can you do so, even in imagination, without feeling an impulse to rush and erect the cross between them and ruin?—*Harris, author of "Mammon."*

*Nothing lost by keeping the Sabbath.*—The terrible disaster which occurred some time since, on board the Helen M'Gregor, by the bursting of the boiler, is to the present day fresh in the minds of not a few. It was on the morning of the 24th of February, 1830, at Memphis, on the Mississippi river, where she had stopped a short time to deliver freight and to land passengers. A few minutes after she was drawn off to proceed on her trip, the explosion took place. There were between four and five hundred passengers. The scenes of agony and distress were indescribable. Nearly one hundred lives were lost. "I was on board that boat," said a sailor to me the other day, "just before the sad catastrophe took place! It is wonderful how I was led to quit the boat almost at the very crisis of the awful occurrence. I have thought of it a thousand times with gratitude to my maker. My captain ordered me to assist in landing freight on the Sabbath. This I told him I could not conscientiously do; that I had never done unnecessary work on the Lord's

day. The captain replied, 'We have no Sabbaths here in the west, in our business.' Very well, I told him, as for myself, wherever I was, I endeavoured to keep the Sabbath. 'Procure some one in your stead,' he then ordered. I said, 'That I can't do; but pay me my wages, and I will leave the boat.' The captain did so, and I left his employ. However, I was soon after urged to come back, with a proffer of higher wages. I persisted in my refusal: and in a few days shipped at New Orleans for Europe. On my arrival, the first newspaper I took up, contained an account of the dreadful destruction of life, on board the Helen M'Gregor. I was truly thankful for my escape. It has taught me a lesson, always to be prompt and decided in refusing to do wrong, whatever consequences may appear likely to follow."—*Correspondent of an American Paper.*

*Hope.*—Much has been said in praise of hope, It has been called the mainspring of motion. The soul of enterprise. The balm of life. The soother of care. And the healer of sorrow.—*Rev. W. Jay.*

*The power and wisdom of God.*—His power is almighty. By what images shall we assist your conceptions? Is the word of a mortal monarch clothed with energy? Behold, He is the King of Kings. Opposed by a small band of robbers, would you not deem yourself safe in the midst of a disciplined army, from whose thousand scabbards a thousand swords were ready to leap in your defence? Lo! He ruleth the armies of heaven, and his angels encompass them that fear him. Do rocks and mountains suggest ideas of grandeur and strength? 'tis He that setteth fast the mountains, being girded with strength. Dost thou gaze with wonder on this spacious earth, or the more spacious heavens? He looketh at the earth and it trembleth; He commandeth the sun, and it shineth not; He sealeth up the stars.

His wisdom is infallible. We hear the narratives of travellers, wonder at their patience, and congratulate their success. We are astonished by the reports of astronomers. We revere those who are expert in sciences, familiar with history, splendid in debate. But the mind of God, at one amazing glance, comprehends the near and the distant, visible and invisible, the past, the present, and the future. All in our nature that resembles this perfection, is but a faint reflected ray. He is the sun whose light suffices for the universe.—*The Evangelist.*

*A Good Hope.*—A good hope in us is like a cork upon the waters—no agitations—no convulsions—no storms can sink it. “Hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts.” &c. Rom. v, 5. “Through patience,” in trials “we have hope.” Rom. xv. 4. The christian’s hope never fails, but goes on to fruition. It is an amaranthine wreath. It is a gem which sparkles most, and with purest light in the darkest night. It says, “What shall separate us from the love of Christ; shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution,” &c. Rom. viii. 35. The hope of the christian is as the rose that grows in the midst of thorns, but its fragrance and its beauty both survive the stem on which it grows—*Ibid.*

*Repentance.*—True repentance can never come too late; but late repentance is seldom true.—*Matthew Henry.*

*Infidelity.*—The demoralizing tendency of infidel opinions is a proof that they are against universal truth, against the best interests of our nature. No man is the better or happier for his infidelity; but thousands have confessed that they were vitiated and made miserable by it. Many infidels have hidden their opinions

from their children, their wives and daughters. Why? Because they had secret convictions of their demoralizing tendency, and this might have convinced them that such opinions were against nature, truth, and goodness.

Count Brandt said that in the course of his travels he had spent four days with Voltaire, and had heard nothing from him but what was calculated to corrupt both the heart and the morals. It is well-known that this old advocate of infidelity on his death-bed, sent for a priest to receive his recantation; and that when it became known, D'Alembert, Diderot, and about twenty others, conspired to prevent it. They guarded the access to his chamber, and prevented their chief from fulfilling his resolution. Yet it is well-known that he bitterly reproached them all, saying, "Retire; it is you that have brought me to my present state. Begone, I could have done without you all; but you could not exist without me, and what a wretched glory have you procured for me." Then he would cry, "Oh Christ! Oh Jesus Christ!"—*The Evangelist.*

*The Love of God.*—Love has often been the theme of the poet's song. The descriptions which they have given of its nature are beautiful, and its effects they have painted in language the most lively and glowing. In the present depraved state of man, love pure and unalloyed, dwells not in his breast. Though this be the case, yet there are examples of its effects on record which cannot fail to impress the mind with an idea of its power and purity. But what is the purest or the most ardent love that ever glowed in the human breast, when compared with that love which God has displayed for the fallen family of man? He spared not his own son, but delivered him up for us all. Every part of the humbled suffering life of Jesus, proclaims the greatness of the love of God. As the colours of the rainbow, however, are

reflected the most brightly and lovely from the bosom of the blackest cloud, so the love of God to man beams forth the most beautifully amidst the darkest scenery of the humiliation of his son. It is in Gethsemane and on Calvary that the sentiment of the beloved disciple is emblazoned in characters fair and eternal: "Herein, indeed, is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us, and gave his son to be a propitiation for our sins."—*Rev. J. Johnstone.*

*The Works of Creation.*—Once, this universe did not exist. But God said, "Let it be," and so it was. Even this planet which we inhabit is fitted to fill the contemplative mind with astonishment. Whether we consider the small streamlet that gently gurgles down the side of the mountain, the mighty river that rolls rapidly along the plain, or the hoary ocean proudly heaving its vast billows from shore to shore: whether we consider the lofty cedars of Lebanon, or the lowly hyssop that springs from the wall, the vast leviathan that gambols in the deep, or the smallest insect that flutters in the beam of day; we are led to exclaim with the Psalmist, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches."

From earth let us turn our eyes upwards, and contemplate the heavens which God, by his spirit, has garnished. How glorious an object is the sun rolling on in undiminished splendour his diurnal course through the sky; and, when he sinks in the western wave, how magnificent is the star-wove curtain which the parent of nature spreads over the stillness of the night! Vast, however, as the visible creation is, it is but a speck in comparison to that which lies beyond our view. Could we transport ourselves through the boundless fields of space, we would see system rising beyond system, until we found by experience, that the works of creation are as unsearchable

as their Creator ! and be forced to say with Job, " Lo ! these are part of his ways ; but how little a portion is heard of him ? but the full thunder of his power, who can understand ? "

Not only in the work of creation is the power and glory of God manifested ; they shine conspicuously forth in his continually upholding and governing all things which he at first created. His hand at once opens the blossom of the lowliest flower, and spreads the branches of the loftiest oak ; shakes the slender reed, and heaves the ponderous billows of the ocean ; directs the feeble insect in its flight, and guides the mighty planets in *their* courses ! In heaven, in earth, and in hell, he rules with unbounded sway. " The Lord has prepared his throne in the heavens ; and his kingdom ruleth over all. "—*Rev. R. Wilson.*

*The Glories of Heaven.*—" Glorious things are spoken of thee, O Jerusalem, thou city of our God." All nature is ransacked for images to picture out that " far off land " of mystery and magnificence. It is at one time represented as a holy place—a vast and venerable temple, whose pillared aisles and lofty dome ring with the choral swell of archangelic adoration ; at another time it is described as a rich and mighty city—the metropolis of the spiritual universe—where sits the court, and stands the throne of the King of kings, where the dwellings are all palaces, and the citizens are all princes. Again, it is set forth under the figure of a banqueting house, where high and happy guests, clothed in white robes, keep joyful festival, and regale themselves with the viands of immortality " at the marriage supper of the Lamb." It is now presented to our view as a field of victory, on which, crowned with triumphal wreaths, and bearing in their hands the palms of conquest, are seen the faithful soldiers of the cross, who, following the captain of their

salvation, have fought, and struggled, and overcome. Then it is disclosed to us as a scene of soft and tranquil repose, where the toil-worn have ceased from their labours, and the weary are at rest.

Such are some of the varied aspects in which the sacred writers endeavour to represent the unseen realities of heaven ; but these representations can convey but very dim and inadequate ideas of that august scene ; for who can describe—what angel's tongue can justly pourtray the home and the dwelling-place of God—that place which the utmost power of the Almighty is exerted to beautify, and which all his benignity is called forth to gladden and to bless ? If nature herself present, as she often does, such prospects of surpassing loveliness—if even this bleak world, blighted as it is with the desolating effects of sin, can still exhibit such scenes of enchantment ; when the sunshine of spring is spread upon its mountains, and the verdure of spring is resting on its vales, “when the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land,” how loftier and loftier far must be the aspect of that “land of light,” where no cloud ever darkens the sky, and no chilling blast ever desolates the soil ? And if human life sometimes witnesses such glimpses of joy—if, like the night of northern climes, such bursts of intense gladness shine out for a moment from the midst of its gloom, O, how unspeakable must be the rapture that is felt in that region of pure and unsuspecting love, where free from the fears of change, and from the possibility of decline, their joy flows on “like a mighty river,” full, deep, and inexhaustible, for ever and ever.—*Rev. W. M<sup>r</sup> Gilvray.*

*Ambition.*—Ambition is the fell offspring of pride. To gain its end it will stick at nothing ; it scales every height, climbs every precipice, and encounters every

danger. It carries the sword into distant countries, disturbs the peace of families, tramples upon the laws and constitutions of nations, and cuts up the happiness of human society by the roots. Yes, Christians, what hath not ambition done? It hath strewed the earth with the bodies of the slain, and made streams to flow with the blood of slaughtered millions! Yes, ambition has hurled the lawful sovereign from his throne, and placed the sceptre in the hands of a villainous usurper! It has kindled the torch and spread the flames of civil discord, robbed the rich of his wealth, torn from the poor their scanty pittance, and spread havoc and misery around.—*Rev. A. Fleming.*

*The Conqueror.*—Ask the conqueror who has risen to the summit of his ambition—who has triumphed over slaughtered thousands—wrapped cities in flames—and hurled empires into ruins—ask him if he is happy.

Let the characters of the greatest heroes of ancient or modern times be consulted. What was Alexander the Great? He carried his arms and his conquests wherever he thought there was an object worth his notice, and wept because he could not find another world to conquer. He was tossed by every tempest of passion, and died in the midst of his days, and his end was amongst fools.

What was Pompey? One of the greatest generals that ever directed the Roman legions. He rose to power and fame by the success of battles, and sunk by the very means of his former aggrandizement. He became a fugitive from the sword—was assassinated by those on whom he had thrown himself for safety—and finally his body, left unburied on the sands, was burnt by an old fisherman on a pile of rubbish. And what better was Cæsar, who overthrew him? He became a great man (if power could make him great) at the expense of millions of human lives—he rioted awhile in the sunshine

of prosperity, if prosperity it might be called, and died by the hands of his friends.—*Bates.*

*The Soldier's Soliloquy at Blenheim.*—The Duke of Marlborough observing a soldier leaning pensively on the butt of his firelock, just after victory had declared itself in favour of the British arms at Blenheim, accosted him thus :—" Why so sad, my friend, after so glorious a victory ? " " It may be glorious," replied the brave fellow, " but I am thinking that all the blood I have spilt this day has only earned me fourpence ! " (a soldier's pay in the reign of Queen Anne, 1704.)

*Adieu.*—In using this expression, which habit has rendered trivial, few persons recollect its real origin and meaning, and that in pronouncing it they recommend their friend a Dieu—to the protection of God.

*The Gospel.*—Among their battering engines, the Roman army had formidable machines which were called the takers of cities ; and of these there was one, which, from its power of beating down everything before it, was called the victorious. Brethren, " the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds." The gospel is the victorious taker of cities ; its early history was a history of its triumphs in cities ; it took Rome herself, the queen of cities ; and what it has done it can repeat and even exceed.—*Rev. J. Harris.*

Of the great philosopher of antiquity it is said, to his honour, that he drew philosophy down from the clouds to walk among men ; converting it from empty speculation into a practical benefit. In a far more exalted sense, this praise belongs to the gospel. Though it is conversant with the invisible, the universal, and the infinite, it

stoops to the sensible, the particular, and the minute. Though it prescribes the course of an angel's flight, it stoops to guide an infant's feet, and, if need be, steps over thrones to do it. It enters the private dwelling, mingles with its inmates, and addresses an appropriate word to the husband and the wife, the parent and the child. It takes the servant by the hand, and leads him to the daily task, and thus invests his station with a dignity, besides which the most splendid idleness is eclipsed and disgraced. It accompanies the tradesman to his place of business; takes its seat by the judge; and to the christian patriot it says daily, "Act the citizen, as it becometh the gospel of Christ." (Phil. i, 27.) It never quits the ground, except to convey its disciples to heaven. Like him who went about doing good, its majesty is the majesty of condescension; and while it seems intent only on the happiness of eternity, it overlooks nothing connected with the well-being of time.—*Ibid.*

*Providence.*—The family of a pious woman was reduced by poverty almost to a state of starvation. Her husband had been for some time confined to his bed by sickness, and she, having her time taken up by attention to him, had been unable to provide for herself and children. One evening, when they had ate their last morsel, not even so much as a potatoe being left for the next meal, the good woman, borne down with fatigue and sorrow, knelt in the presence of her little children, and laid her case before the Lord. While praying, she felt an unusual degree of confidence in him who alone knew her distress. This produced a calm and peaceful frame of mind; and in this state, she and the rest of the family retired to rest. At a late hour in the night, a person knocked at the door, and asked if they were in bed. The woman answered in the affirmative, and desired to know who was at the door. On being told "a friend," she

arose and went to the door, where, to her surprise, she was presented with nearly a week's provision for herself and family. The person left her without giving her a reason for his appearance at so late an hour, and only requested that she would say nothing about the matter. She was the more astonished, as it came from a source the least expected. Her gratitude can be more easily conceived than expressed. God grant that this remarkable providence may be a blessing to all such as are in want, and that they may receive grace to trust in him, who is not unmindful even of the lily of the field, and without whose notice not even a sparrow falleth to the ground.—*Brunswick Baptist Herald*.

*George III.*—The late Bishop F——, of Salisbury, having procured a young clergyman of promising abilities to preach before the king; and the young man having, in his lordship's opinion, acquitted himself well, the bishop, in conversation with the king afterwards, wishing to get his sovereign's opinion, took the liberty to say, "Does not your majesty think that the young man who had the honour to preach before your majesty, is likely to make a good clergyman, and has this morning delivered a very good sermon?" To which the king, in his blunt manner, hastily replied, "It might have been a good sermon, my lord, but I consider no sermon good that has nothing of Christ in it."—*Anecdotes—Social Life*.

*A Chinese Emperor.*—A Chinese emperor being told that his enemies had raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces, "Come then, my friends," said he, "follow me, and I promise you that we shall quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge, but were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity.

"How," cried the first minister, "is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and behold you have pardoned them all, and even caressed some of them!" "I promised," replied the emperor, with a generous air, "to destroy my enemies; I have fulfilled my word; for, see, they are enemies no longer; I have made friends of them." Let every christian imitate so noble an example, and learn "to overcome evil with good."

*Alexander the Great.*—It is said that a man once asked Alexander to give him some money to portion off a daughter. The king bade him go to his treasurer, and demand what he pleased. He went and demanded an enormous sum. The treasurer was startled, and said he could not part with so much without an express order, and went to the king, and told him that he thought a small part of the money the man had named, might serve for the occasion. "No," replied Alexander, "let him have it all. I like that man; he does me honour; he treats me like a king, and proves, by what he asks, that he believes me to be both rich and generous." "Let us," says Mr. Newton, in quoting this anecdote, "go to the throne of grace, and put up such petitions as may show that we have honourable views of the riches and bounty of our king."

*Rev. Rowland Hill.*—The late Rev. Rowland Hill had great reason to rejoice in the consistent lives and zealous devotedness to God of many of his converts at Wotton-under Edge. There was among them a Mr. Rugg, of a piety so deep, and of a life so useful and unblemished, that even his enemies admired and were awed by his character. Mr. Hill used to say of him, that he was  
: of the most complete christians he ever met with.

Connected with him was an extraordinary fact, illustrative of God's care of his people. Mr. Hill's gardener, at Wotton, who had always passed for an honest, quiet sort of man, was at length discovered to have been the perpetrator of burglaries, and other daring robberies in the neighbourhood, though he had, till caught in the fact, never been even suspected. He was tried at Gloucester, condemned, and executed. It need scarcely be said that his master visited him in jail. During his interviews with him there, he confessed the many crimes of which he had been guilty. "How was it, William," he inquired, "that you never robbed me, when you had such an abundant opportunity?" "Sir," replied he, do you recollect the juniper bush on the border against the dining room? I have many times been hid under it at night, intending, which I could easily have done, to get into the house and plunder it; but, Sir, I was afraid; something said to me, he is a man of God, it is a house of prayer; if I break in there, I shall surely be found out, so I never could pluck up courage to attempt it." In another conversation, he told him, "Sir, I well knew that old Mr. Rugg was in the habit of carrying a deal of money in his pocket; time after time have I hid myself behind the hedge of the lane leading to his house, he has passed within a yard of me, when going home from the prayer meeting; again and again I could not stir; I durst not touch so holy a man. I was afraid. I always began trembling as soon as he came near me; and I gave up the thought altogether, for I knew he was a holy man." This is a fact which well assures us that God, our sun, is a shield too.

*A Widow's Friend.*—A pious visitor of the sick, early one sabbath morning, called on a very poor but pious widow, whom he had been accustomed for some time to visit her affliction. No sooner had he entered the door of her

obscure and lowly dwelling, than she eagerly exclaimed, "O Sir, I have something to tell you that will warm your heart." "Well, my friend," said he, "that's right, my heart wants warming, let me hear it." She then proceeded in substance as follows :—Last Thursday morning, to my no small dismay, I found that I had not a morsel of bread left in my cupboard, nor could I tell where to look for a fresh supply. Several hours passed away, no one came near me; and I began to feel very faint and hungry. For some time I sat brooding over my sorrows, until at length I was tempted to give way to despondency. But all at once the thought came into my mind—Have I not a Father in heaven? Has he not encouraged me to ask of him my daily bread? And has he not promised that bread shall be given me and my water shall be sure? Isaiah xxxiii. 16. I will therefore arise and go to my Father: and I will lay before him all my wants, Accordingly I arose, fell on my knees, and poured out my heart before our Father who seeth in secret. I was enabled with humble confidence to plead his faithful word, and with assured hope to rest upon it. While thus engaged, such a peaceful, joyful feeling took possession of my soul, that I became, for the time, wholly unconscious of the sensation of hunger. On arising from prayer, I felt quite full, and it appeared to me then as if I could do without bread. I had not, however, risen from my knees a quarter of an hour, when I heard some one knock at the door. On opening it I saw a decently dressed woman, quite a stranger to me, holding something in her apron. "Is not your name Gray?" she asked. I replied "Yes." "I have been told," said she, "that you are very poor. I have a loaf here, (holding open her lap,) if you will accept it; and I will tell you what induced me to bring it to you. My husband, who is unwell, has a very sickly appetite, and on taking up this loaf at breakfast time this morning, he discovered a

mouse had been nibbling it ; and this so turned his stomach, that he put it aside, begging me to take it out of the house, and not to let him see it any more. So I inquired of a neighbour for some poor person to whom it would be acceptable, and was directed to you. I hope you will excuse it ; but you see I have cut the part clean away where the mouse has been."

I received the loaf at the hand of my unknown benefactress, expressing, as well as my feelings would allow, my thankfulness for the gift ; and slipping a shilling into my hand, she left me almost overwhelmed with emotions of astonishment and gratitude, too strong for utterance. O Sir, can I ever again distrust my Heavenly Father's care ? Elijah was fed by ravens ; and I have been fed by a mouse ! in a manner less direct, indeed, but not less effectual ; for had it not been for that mouse, this loaf would not have been brought to me. Yes, Sir, in order to shame my unbelief, the Lord has caused even a pilfering mouse to be the means of administering to my necessities.

*An Indian.*—The three sons of an eastern lady were invited to furnish her with an expression of their love, before she went a long journey. One brought a marble tablet, with the inscription of her name : another presented her with a rich garland of fragrant flowers ; the third entered her presence and thus accosted her—" Mother, I have neither marble tablet nor fragrant nosegay, but I have a heart : here your name is engraved, here your memory is precious, and this heart full of affection will follow you wherever you travel, and remain with you wherever you repose."—*Anecdotes—The Young.*

*Death.*—When we look around us now, we cannot perceive an object in which death is not to be found. Every inspiration of every breath tells of death : every beating of every pulse tells of death ; every throbbing of every

heart tells of death ; every period of life tells of death. Death not only appears in the snows that have been scattered upon the head of age, but it appears in the brightness that flashes in the eye of infancy ; and in the tinge that lights up with beauty the cheek of youth. Death is in all the seasons—in the showers of spring, in the sun-beams of summer, in the ripeness of autumn ; in the storms and blasts of winter. He is in the cloud and in the sky. He is in the mountain and in the valley. He is in the grass that clothes the fields with verdure, and in the lovely flowers that seem the very elements and emblems of beauty and perfection. There is not a motion, there is not an object, there is not a sphere, there is not an event, which does not tell of death. He comes forth from behind the veil, where he, perhaps, may have enshrined himself in a mask, and while we are gazing around us, he stamps his foot upon the territory of the material universe, and waving all around it his dread ebon sceptre, proclaims in a voice of thunder, " All this is mine !" and none can gainsay nor deny.—*Rev. J. Parsons.*

*Looking to Jesus.*—Natural historians inform us, that the eagle forces its young ones to look at the sun, which at first they are unwilling to do ; but their eyes by use get strength, and they view it without difficulty. Thus it is with the christian. The sun of the spiritual world is the Lord Jesus Christ ; weak believers are apt to take off their eyes from him, but by the exercise of faith, they see him more clearly ; and when they are perfect in heaven, they shall behold his glory, and take their eyes from him no more for ever.—*Rev. W. A. Gun.*

*The Pennies.*—A celebrated minister, from Wales, being called upon some time since to advocate the cause of the Bible Society at a public meeting, perceiving a

number of poor Welch present, addressed a few sentences to them in their own language, which were perceived to produce a very powerful effect upon them. This excited curiosity to know the purport of those sentences, "O," said he, "I was talking to them about the pennies. I told them that in passing over the mountains in my way to this place, I saw the rills running down the sides of those mountains, and I said to them, 'Rills where are you going?' 'O,' said they, 'we are going to the valleys to join the streams;' 'Streams where are you going?' 'O,' said they, 'we are going into the river;' 'Rivers,' said I, 'where are you going?' 'O, we are going into the sea, and there we will bear your greatest ships, and toss them about like feathers.' Now I am come to this society, and I look at the pennies, and I say, 'Pennies, where are you going?' 'O, we are going to the branches,' 'And branches, where are you going?' 'O, we are going to the auxiliaries;' And auxiliaries, where are you going?' 'O, we are going to the pocket of the treasurer, in London, and then he will scatter Bibles over the face of the whole earth.' O, my friends, take care of the pennies."

*Gradations of Drunkenness.*—There is a Rabbinical tradition related by Fabricius, that when Noah planted the vine, Satan attended and sacrificed a sheep, a lion, an ape and a sow. These animals were to symbolize the gradations of ebriety. When a man begins to drink, he is meek and innocent as the lamb; then becomes bold as the lion; his courage is soon transformed into the foolishness of the ape; and at last, he wallows in the mire like the sow.—*Walton's Dissertation on the Gesta Romanorum.*

*On Eternity.*—But still we should enquire, What is this eternity? How shall we pour any light upon this

abstruse subject ? It cannot be the object of our understanding. And with what comparison shall we compare it ? How infinitely does it transcend all these ! What are any temporal things, placed in comparison with those that are eternal ? What is the duration of the long-lived oak, of the ancient castle, of Trajan's pillar, of Pompey's Amphitheatre ? What is the antiquity of the Tuscan urns, though probably older than the foundation of Rome ; yea of the pyramids of Egypt, suppose they have remained upwards of three thousand years ; when laid in the balance with eternity ? It vanishes into nothing. Nay, what is the duration of "the everlasting hills," figuratively so called, which have remained ever since the general deluge, if not from the foundation of the world, in comparison with eternity ? No more than an insignificant cipher. Go farther yet : consider the duration from the creation of the first-born sons of God, of Michael the archangel in particular, to the hour when he shall be commissioned to sound the trumpet, and to utter his mighty voice through the vault of heaven, " Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment ! " Is it not a moment, a point, a nothing, in comparison of that eternity which is past ? Is it not less, infinitely less, than a single drop of water to the whole ocean ?—yea immeasurably less than a day, an hour, a moment, to a million of ages ! Go back a thousand millions still ; yet you are no nearer the beginning of eternity.

Are we able to form a more adequate conception of eternity to come ? In order to this, let us compare it with the several degrees of duration which we are acquainted with :—An ephemeral fly lives six hours ; from six in the evening to twelve. This is a short life compared with that of a man, which continues threescore or fourscore years ; and this itself is short, if it be compared to the nine hundred and sixty-nine years of Methuselah. Yet what are these years, yea, all that

have succeeded each other, from the time that the heavens and the earth were created, to the time when the heavens shall pass away, and the earth with the works of it shall be burned up, if we compare it to the length of that duration which never shall have an end ?—*Wesleyan Pulpit*.

*The Cross Bends.*—At an anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society at Hull, a few years ago, the late Rev. T. Lessey made the following allusion to Humboldt's travels in South America.

“ Humboldt was conducting his procession of servants and camels over the Andes ; and there, during the serenity of the night, so beautiful and brilliant beyond the power of European conception, (constellations being there visible which are not to us, and there is one that shines beautifully in that hemisphere called the cross—a collection of stars resembling a cross) ; and Humboldt says as his procession was going over the Andes, not a sound, save the foot-fall of the camel, disturbed the silence of night, he heard one of the camel drivers say—“ It is past midnight, for the cross bends.” according to a notion they have that when the midnight hour is past, that beautiful constellation bends in the heavens. Humboldt felt it,—“ It is past midnight, for the cross bends !” It has been night, dark night. Over the innumerable millions of America, over south and west Africa, before any missionaries went, it was deep, dark, unbroken night. But when I look at the changes wrought in Africa, I behold thousands turning to God, and I see it is past midnight, for the cross bends,—the cross bends over the millions of India, over Africa and America. I look no where but I find it past midnight, for the cross bends, and the morning is coming.

*Christian Heroism.*—In the history of Scotland's sufferings, when the remorseless persecutors brought the

head and hands of young Cameron, whom they had murdered for his faithfulness to his God, and setting them before his aged father, who was at that time a prisoner for the testimony of Jesus, asked him if he recognised them, the aged man rejoicing in his sorrows, replied that he did, and "I bless God for the spectacle. These hands were lifted up through life in wrestling for Zion, and that tongue was ever eloquent in the cause of her Lord and only head." Another striking instance of kindred affection, is found in the death of John Brown, of Priest-hill. Suddenly, on one occasion, Claverhouse surrounded with his troopers the 'gudeman' of Priest-hill, and made him a prisoner. When the wife heard that her husband was taken, she exclaimed, "the thing that I feared is now come upon me—give me grace, my Lord, for this hour ; " and taking up her little boy, she wrapped him in her plaid, and went out to hear and see the worst. The sanguinary persecutor ordered the gray-haired patriarch to go to prayer, as his hours were now numbered. Brown instantly complied, and kneeling down, prayed for his murderers, that they might be forgiven ; for Zion, that it might be prospered ; and for his family, that every covenanted blessing might be poured upon his wife, and on her children, born and unborn. When Claverhouse could endure to hear the outpourings of a christian's heart no longer, he roused him with some blasphemous language, from his knees. Brown then addressing his wife, said, " Isabel, this is the day I told you of before we were married. You see me summoned to appear before the Court of Heaven, as a witness in our Redeemer's cause ; are you willing that I should part from you ? " " Heartily willing," answered his weeping wife, loving the glory of her God, and the ark of his testimony, more than all relatives. The soldiers who were ordered to shoot the holy man, felt even their savage courage melt before the overpouring spectacle, and

hesitated. Their leader, however, snatched a horse-pistol from one of them, and shot him through the head. "What thinkest thou of thy husband, now?" asked the monster of blood and cruelty. What was the noble reply? "I aye thought muckle guid o'him, and now I think more of him than ever," and gathering up his shattered body, she wrapt it in his plaid, and sat down and wept over his lifeless corpse.—*Rev. J. Cumming.*

*The preciousness of the Word of the Lord.*—How precious were the scriptures before their translation; how many were there to whom the sacred treasure was inaccessible. Suppose now the word of God was remaining in the original Hebrew and Greek, what would it then be to you? Why, it would be like a spring shut up, a fountain sealed; like so many fine paintings hung up in a dark room. "The word of the Lord was precious in those days." 1 Sam. iii. 1. And therefore upon the completion of Luther's translation, an annual feast was instituted, which was called, "The feast of the translation." And after its translation how precious was it, owing to the trouble and expense of transcription before the invention of the art of printing. How precious was it in the days of Henry VIII, for though it was then in print, this detestable tyrant issued an order that it should not be read by any children, or apprentices, or husbandmen, or mechanics, or women. In the days of Queen Mary the use of it was absolutely prohibited; we read of one farmer who gave a whole load of hay for a single leaf of one of the epistles. When Elizabeth ascended the throne, the prisons resigned their victims; yet she received a petition, very numerous and respectably signed, beseeching her to release four very worthy and honest men, who were still in confinement, namely, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. When she passed through Cheapside, the citizens presented her with a New Testa-

ment ; she kissed it, and pressing it to her bosom, said, "This shall be the rule of my government." Yet for a considerable time the word of God was so scarce, that a large Bible was ordered to be chained to a ledge in the aisle of every parish church ; and there the common people, before and after service, pressed to read it over each other's shoulders, as the earth in a drought drinks in the rain. In a later, and an unhappy age, two thousand men, of whom the world was not worthy, suffered for conscience sake, and were deprived of their livings. It is true that the scriptures continued still in circulation, but they who preached them published them no longer, and the people could not hear from them the joyful sound, unless by stealth, and in concealment, and at night. "The word of the Lord was precious in those days."

I remember many years ago going over a considerable part of Wales, and I found that the word of God was so scarce in their own language, that it was no uncommon thing for several families to possess one Bible as the common joint property ; and each family had the use and the reading of it for a week or a month successively ; and I dare say they made a very good use of it. "The word of the Lord was precious in those days." Nothing, I think, can be more affecting than the account Mr. Charles, of Bala, gives of the arrival—the first arrival of the scriptures from the British and Foreign Bible Society—the noblest institution that has been established since the apostolic days. He tells us, that when the people found that the vehicle laden with Bibles and Testaments, was drawing nigh, they went out in a body, withdrew the horses, and drew the vehicle themselves into the market-place, where the Bibles and Testaments were to be distributed. What a scene was this, I declare before God, I would rather have witnessed such a scene than a Roman triumph. We have seen heroes whose

laurels have been drenched in blood ; we have seen parliamentary hypocrites, in the kindness of their youth, and the love of their espousals, drawn along by human animals ; but here was the Lamb of God ; here was the Saviour of the world drawn in triumph ! We are reminded by this circumstance, of something that happened at Jerusalem, when the multitude that went before, and the multitude that followed after, cried, " Hosannah, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." So precious was the word of God, that in a few hours the whole carriage load of Bibles was disposed of. The mechanic took the book along with him into his shop, to dip into it at his leisure ; the rustic took it to the field, to soften his toil, and sweeten his homely meeting ; the children read the book to their parents, and the aged man shook his hoary locks for joy.—*Rev. W. Jay.*

*Holiness.*—Holiness will adorn every path with a lustre which the world can neither kindle nor obscure. Is it the path of business ? " Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." (1 Tim. iv. 8.) Scriptural piety guides our steps, preserves us from the ruinous anxieties of the world ; and promotes, even in the marts of earthly commerce, the acquisition of true riches. Is it the path of science ? " God giveth to a man that is good in his sight wisdom, and knowledge, and joy," (Eccles. ii. 26.) True religion beckons us onward in the flowery walks of learning ; guards us from the entanglements of infidel sophistry ; consecrates every valuable attainment ; and, while it represses all profane and hurtful speculation, furnishes to the inquiring mind, themes on which the highest creature intellect has been blissfully engaged for thousands of years. Is it the path of honour and advantage ? Christian holiness constitutes our security amid the perils of wealth and greatness ;

and instructs us to "make to ourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when we fail, they may receive us into everlasting habitations." (Luke xvi. 9.) Is it the path of trial and adversity? Scriptural piety sustains us even in this rugged road; inspires victorious patience; and teaches us that "godliness with contentment is great gain; for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out;" nay, that to us "it is given,"—as matter of privilege and divine bounty,—“in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake.” (1 Tim vi. 6, 7; Phil. i. 29.)—*Rev. W. L. Thornton.*

*The Mutable nature of Earthly Objects.*—Nothing is so uncertain as worldly possessions. We have seen princes hurled from their thrones, and the affluent reduced to poverty. The blasting wind may suddenly deprive Job of his riches and children, and comforts; and the lava of Vesuvius entomb Pompeii and Herculaneum. The voice of the storm is often the voice of desolation, and winds, and waves, and earthquakes, and fires, forbid us to say, "We have much goods laid up for many years,"—goods which may be lost, and must finally be relinquished.—*Dr. Cope.*

*The effect of beholding the glory of the Lord.*—2 Cor. iii. 18.—“But we all, as with open face, beholding as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord.”

A Greek author describing the peculiarities of a temple erected to the honour of a certain idol, remarks, that those who wished to enter it must first look at themselves in a glass placed at the entrance, and that this mirror was so constructed, that at first sight it presented to the beholder his natural visage, but, by degrees, his counte-

nance was transformed or changed into the form of the idol which was worshipped. The gospel is that mirror which, they who wish to enter into heaven, must behold.

1. They see themselves and their imperfections, and they see God in whom there is nothing but perfection.

2. The mind is enlightened, the affections directed to proper objects, the will sanctified, and the members of the body rendered instruments of righteousness unto true holiness.

3. This transformation is gradual and permanent. There is an increase of glory. "They go from strength to strength, from faith to faith." They increase in knowledge and holiness. Like plants in the garden, like the sun which gradually advances to the meridian, or the waters of the sanctuary, first ankle deep, and finally a river to swim in.

4. The degree of glory through which the believer passes; from the glory of knowledge to the glory of holiness; from the glory of the church militant, to the glory of the church triumphant.—*Translated from the French.*

*The lost Soul.*—Now conceive the loss of a lost soul. Now ask, what is the region in which a lost soul lives? I answer, "the blackness of darkness for ever." What is the bed on which a lost soul lies down? Fire and brimstone for ever. What are the employments of a lost soul? Looking behind it, remembering the life-time, as Abraham says 'to the rich man,' and seeing, time lost, means lost, ordinances lost, sabbaths lost, ministers lost, and the strivings of the Holy Spirit lost. Looking upward, and seeing heaven lost, a crown lost, glory lost, lost, for ever! Souls lost are looking around them, and every sight gives an increase of pain. Such are the employments of a lost soul, when looking backwards, forwards, downwards. In the Bible, their employments

are termed "Weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth." Yes, and what are the prospects of a lost soul? I cannot solve the question. When it glances into eternity, and when it looks forward, there are nothing but mountains of woe succeeding each other, every mountain pressing heavier than that which preceded it. The prospect of a lost soul is a prospect of increasing and eternal woe; and then there is the passing bell ringing "for ever," over this soul "for ever, for ever, for ever; eternity, eternity, eternity."—*W. Dawson.*

*The enlightened yet disobedient servant, beaten with many stripes.*—"And that servant, which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes." (Luke xii 47.)

Our punishment will bear proportion to our crime. Hence our Lord says, "It shall be more tolerable in the day of judgment, for Sodom and Gomorrah, than it shall be for Chorazin and Bethsaida." Every vessel of wrath in hell, rolling in the ocean of eternal woe, is a vessel filled with wrath; but every vessel is not of the same magnitude, not of the same size. Every vessel is filled with woe; but then, some are large and some small. Every one in hell is a firebrand, and blazes there, and all assist to burn each other; but each is not a firebrand of the same breadth, nor of the same height, nor of the same intensity.

Oh! my friends, if this be the case, what must be your portion! You shall be "beaten with many stripes." See the poor sinner there; see him there in the pit of eternal woe; he is tied to a whipping-post, if I may so say. There see how he is "beaten with many stripes." Then comes a poor heathen to him, and he says, "If I had known my Master's will as well as you did—if I had known the sins I was to avoid, and the duties I was to

perform, as well as you did—I might not have been here ;” and he lashes him again. Then comes a poor Jew, and he says, “ I did not know my Master’s will as you did, I had not such a revelation of my Master’s will, my Master’s demands, and my obligations to Him ;” and even the poor Jew will cut at him and lash him again. Oh ! my friends, and then, when your poor, sinful companions, if they go there—when your poor “ wicked and slothful” fellow-servants meet you there, they come and have a cut at you, and have a stroke at you—“ ’twas you led me to sin at such a time.” “ It was you led me to sin at such another time.” “ It was you led me to sin at such another time.” “ And you depraved my morals, and you poisoned my mind ;” and you, therefore, were, in some measure, the ruin of your poor wicked companions, and your poor wicked companions with thongs, nine strokes at once, will beat you. There will be the fiends saying, “ We never had a Redeemer to bleed for us ; He passed by angels, He passed by us, and He came and He died for you, and He lived again for you, and He wrote His letter to you, and He sent His messengers to you, and He gave His spirit to you ; but there you sinned against the Father with your eyes open, you despised and “ trampled under foot the blood” of the Son, you “ did despise unto the spirit of grace,” you “ forced your passage to the flames ;” and they lash him again. Conscience then will be a scorpion to sting, and a serpent to bite them : conscience will read lectures of mercies abused, conscience will read lectures upon opportunities squandered, conscience will read lectures upon the sins they have committed, and when they were committed, and where they were committed, and how they were committed against light and knowledge ; and so conscience will beat them with many stripes. The hand of God shall there avenge a broken law ; the hand of God shall there avenge an insulted law ; the hand of God

shall there vindicate the honours of His government. And there, if your punishment be in proportion to your crime, my friends, I say, you "shall be beaten with many stripes."—*Ibid.*

*Readers.*—Coleridge, in a lecture delivered upwards of twenty years ago, divided readers into four classes. The first he compared to an hour glass, their reading being as the sand—it runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class, he said, resembled a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class he likened to a jelly-bag—which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class, of which he trusted there were many among his auditors, he compared to the slaves in the diamond mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserved only the pure gem.—*Pulpit.*

*Gospel Privileges.*—What a great privilege it is to hear the gospel, to have the manna showered round about our tents, and to find faithful labourers sent out, when the fields are white unto harvest. But I must say, that our privileges are something like the azure sky, and the silvery cloud-work of heaven, and like the gorgeous sun, and like the rolling changes from the pale blush of spring to the deeper red of summer, and the golden or brown glory of autumn, and the pallid sparkling desolation of winter, they come before us so constantly that we take no notice of them; we let them pass by, regardless even when the ocean lifts up its hands on high, or when the sky, fretted with golden fire, would almost rebuke our dullness. We do not duly prize our sabbaths. As a great clergyman says, in one of his sermons, "O, my friends, you can find time for society, for the drawing-

room, for the spangled assembly, but you cannot find time for God ; you can find time for pleasure, but you neglect the sabbath ; if there be any secular or sentimental attraction, you can go over burning mountains for that, but you forget the sabbath of your God." I am afraid that it is too true. Let it be our case to say,

" I love her gates, I love the road,  
The house adorned with grace,  
Stands like a palace built for God,  
To show his milder face."

And " I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." I do not believe that you can find a more accurate standard to try a man's piety, than the quantity of his attachment to God's house.—*Rev. E. Andrews.*

*The Great Salvation.*—It is as great as the requirements of divine justice, as great as the misery of man. It is adequate to all its objects. The great God contrived it, a great Saviour accomplished it, a great Spirit applies it, and a great multitude will be saved by it. John was a good arithmetician, and when he had spoken of the twelve thousands from the Jewish church, he comes to calculate the Gentile church, and he says it was a great multitude which no man could number. How deep does it go ? To hell's gate ; and if the smell of hell's flames were on thy breast, this salvation is equal to thy redemption. And great happiness it brings too. You are great sinners, and need a great salvation, and here is one,—for He saves to the very uttermost.—*Rev. T. Jones.*

*Value of the Soul.*—The treasures of a thousand worlds cannot be compared with the value of one immortal soul. Though you should have the gold of Ophir, the mines of Peru, the gems of India, the spices of Arabia, and the

cedars of Lebanon ; though you should call these, and the kingdoms and merchandise of this world, all your own, with all their pomp, and majesty, and glory, what would they avail if you lost your soul ? What shall a man give in exchange for his soul.—*Dr. Raffles.*

*Saints at the Resurrection.*—And now, behold ! christians in that day shall shine forth as the very sun, in the kingdom of their Father. They may have passed through life in obscurity and scorn ; sorrow and want, pain and infirmity may have been their portion ; but they shall then be delivered from all : they shall rise in forms of dignity and beauty, and enter on bliss that knows no end. What matters it, if they have had no splendid interment ? what matters it, if no herald stood over their tomb to pronounce their style ? what matters it, if no storied urn or splendid bust, no proud mausoleum or sculptured cenotaph, marks the spot where their remains are deposited ?—though destitute of all these trappings of art and pomp, in that day their bonds shall burst asunder, corruption and mortality shall be cast away, and they shall rise to purity, to happiness, to splendour, which shall continue and increase, “ while life and thought and being last.”

“ Arrayed in glorious grace,  
Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And every shape and every face  
Look heavenly and divine.”

*Rev. J. Parsons.*

*Preach Christ.*—Our hearers need only examine how we preach Christ, to form an idea how far we are evangelical. Shall we glory in the beauty of our composition—in the flowers of rhetoric—in the force of oratory—in the army of periods—and leave the cross out as unfashionable ? Thus did not Paul. Shall we glory in the

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teachings—in the example of Christ—and not in the cross of Christ also? So did not Paul. See! he is going into Greece, the eye of the world—and what did he do? “I determined not to know anything among you but Jesus Christ and him crucified.” He is going to Rome, the imperial city—among sages, generals, poets, legislators, and statesmen. Will he not there change his theme? Will he not there talk of the “Supreme Being—eternal providence,—destiny,” &c.? No. “I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth, to the Jew first and also to the Gentile.” And when he heard that the Galatians were about to conceal the cross, O, what were his feelings! They were about to blot the sun out of the firmament; and what would they have left but darkness, desolation, and death! The cross of Christ is the grand luminary of the gospel system, from which all its parts derive light, life, and influence. All else is darkness; and God forbid that we should glory in earth or in heaven, in life or in death, save in Christ our crucified Lord!—*Rev. Robert Newton.*

*Horrors of War.*—War is horrible in its nature and in its effects. It separates the dearest and the closest connexions of human nature. One battle renders thousands of wives, widows: thousands of children fatherless: thousands of parents, childless: thousands of spirits ruined beyond redemption! See, pressing into yonder slippery, impurpled field, throngs of all ages, seeking their own among the dead! In this disfigured countenance the child discerns with difficulty the features of his father. In that mangled body dwelt the spirit which was the prop and the glory of yonder silvery head, now bowed down over it in silent, unspeakable sorrow. There the widow washes the wounds of her husband with her tears. And how few of that dreadful list of slaughtered men

were fit to die ! Surely war was let loose upon the world as a curse, in the just anger of God.—*Collyer*.

*Ascribe all success to God.*—Though we had the tongues of angels ; though we had strength of intellect to grapple the most sublime and mysterious topics ; though on the wings of meditation we could spring from the boundaries of this world, and hold converse with the skies ; though with the most commanding eloquence, we could roll like the thunder, or be soft and sweet as the music of the spheres ; still we must say, “ Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name, give glory.”—*Parsons*.

*Death.*—“ We must, (said the woman of Tekoah,) all die, and be as water spilt on the ground.” That we must all die, requires no reasoning to prove ; sufficient is it for us to appeal to experience. Since the birth of time, how many human beings have been born into time ? Time still continues, but where are those who, during its past ages, have, with their names and their actions filled its records ? The stream of time still continues to wind, but where are those who have dwelt upon its banks ? We have mighty forests, and crowded cities, but where are the hands that planted the one or built the other ? We have books written many centuries ago, but where are those by whom they were written ? and those whose actions and whose lives they record ? Like an aged mother, the earth still remains, but where are her children ? Our fathers, where are they—and the prophets, do they live for ever ? We have all occupied a portion of the past, but where are those who occupied it along with us ? Where are the busy hands, and where the burning hearts ; where are the gleaming eyes ; where are the melting voices ; where are the “ old familiar faces ?” Ah ! the busy hands are motionless ; the burning hearts are

cold ? the gleaming eyes are dim ; the melting voices are silent ; and the " old familiar faces " are gone. Lover, acquaintance, and friend, have been removed into darkness. A thousand times has that dark and dream-like past been peopled with the living—living forms and living voices ; and a thousand times has it been emptied again. A thousand times has the earth brought forth children, and a thousand times has she been bereaved ; the grave has received them, and the grave will receive us—the the grave that receives all—the grave that is never satisfied, and that never says, " It is enough. "—*Rev. J. Anderson.*

*Anger.*—Ungoverned anger is a fruitful source of mischief to human life. Many of the scenes of public calamity and private distress, which strike us with astonishment and horror, have originated from this direful spring. It is this which hath overspread the earth with blood and slaughter ; it is this which hath so often filled the poisoned bowl, loaded the murderous pistol, and pointed the assassinating dagger. It hath through successive ages furnished ample materials for the poet's tragic muse and the orator's pathetic declamation.—*Rev. J. Fawcett.*

*The best Walls.*—The old Duke of Bedford (as he was called) used to say, " I consider the prayers of God's ministers and people as the best walls around my house."

*Love of Reading.*—If the riches of both the Indies, if the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid at my feet in exchange for my love of reading, I would part with them all.—*Fenelon.*

*The Knowledge of Christ.*—What is all knowledge in comparison with this ? Though thou hadst Solomon's

faculty to discourse of plants, and have not the right knowledge of this root of Jesse; if thou wert singular in the knowledge of the stars, and couldst walk through the spheres with Jacob's staff, but wert ignorant of this star of Jacob; if thou knewest the history of all time, and the life and death of the most famous princes, and couldst rehearse them all, but dost not know and apply to thyself the death of Jesus as thy life;—thou art still a wretched fool, and all thy knowledge shall perish with thee.—*Leighton.*

“*Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.*” John i. 29. “Behold,” you see what was the peculiar and exclusive object to which the Baptist directed the attention of men. There was in Christ no beauty nor comeliness to attract the carnal eye—there was no pomp, nor state, nor equipage, behind him—there was nothing, in short, in the outward appearance of that homeless man of sorrows to arrest the attention of the philosophers, the kings, or the ambitious ones of the earth; and nevertheless John seems wrapt up in the contemplation of the Lamb, and anxious and earnest to bring others to cast their eyes on the same blessed object. He did not say, behold the streams of Jordan pursuing their way to the ocean, and hallowed by a thousand historic recollections—he did not cry, behold the hills of Lebanon, and the peaks of Carmel, illumined by the setting sun—he did not exclaim, behold the lofty towers and pinnacles of the temple of Jerusalem, wherein are the glory of God, and the altars of Judah, and all that was dear to an Israelite's heart, and fraught with the most sublime associations—but, in the midst of all these, and in utter forgetfulness of these, he cries, “Behold the Lamb of God.” And oh, my brethren, though outward aspect was against the judgment of John, truth was wholly on his side. The hills and the rivers of Judea

were the workmanship of the fingers of that lowly Lamb, and destined soon to pass away ; and the glory that burned between the cherubim on the mercy-seat in the temple, was but a reflection from that Lamb ; and, in reality, he was the most glorious and the most wonderful object, not only among the plains of Judah, but above or beneath the canopy of heaven, on the face of the globe, and amid the nations of the earth. If Solomon in all his glory, if Cæsar with all his chivalry, was not like one of the lilies of the field, much less like him who gave them their birth, and enriched them with their loveliest tints ; and still, the Lamb of God has not now lost the interest and preciousness he possessed when John pointed him out at Bethabara. He is now as great, as glorious as ever ; and oh, believe me, that amid the kings and princes of the earth, amid the various objects of the natural, the moral, or the spiritual world, he is the chief. He deserves the intensest thought, and the warmest admiration ; and that communion table, which presents the symbols of his incarnation and death, whether it be spread upon the mountain side or amid the desolate and the solitary gray moors, or whether it be under the roof of cathedral or ancient dome, is the most solemn and the most interesting spectacle which angels or men can contemplate.—*Rev. J. Cumming.*

THE Jews universally entertained the persuasion, that the blessings of Messiah's reign would be confined to Judea, and that the rest of the world was beyond the goodness, as well as the purposes of God. The Baptist meets this prejudice at once, and tells them that the Lamb of God was to take away the sins, not only of the Jews, but of the Gentiles also ; the sins, in short, of all that believed, out of every kindred, and tribe, and people, and tongue. This is the glorious peculiarity of the evangelical dispensation, that it is not restricted to any

meridian under the sun ; that it recognizes neither bond nor free, nor black nor white ; but offers freely and without price, its blessings and its hopes to all. Immortal souls are its objects, and immortal rewards are its promises. In the sight of God, the soul of the Hindoo of Asia, or the Hottentot of Africa, is as precious as the soul of Britain's monarch ; and the salvation which the Son of God has accomplished, the atonement which the Lamb of God has made, is meant as fully for the one as for the other. The limits of the world are the limits of the Gospel of Christ ; the air we breathe, the measure of its accessibility and freeness ; and the sun in the firmament, the nearest emblem of the universality of the sun that has arisen in the spiritual world.—*Ibid.*

*The true knowledge of God can only be obtained from himself, in his Word.*—It is in his own light only that we can see the natural sun. All the flambeaus, and torches, and fires, that men could light upon the mountain tops, would never enable any one eye to see the meridian sun if his own light were to be quenched. In the same way, the reasons of men combined and concentrated in one focus, the discoveries of the deepest science, all the knowledge of the richest minds, puny in comparison, nevertheless, as the light of the glow-worm, could never enable any one to catch a distinct view of the Eternal. His distance is too great, clouds and darkness are around him. No, you must use the light of the scriptures ; this light will lead you to find Christ, and he will lead you to find God ; and those things, which no natural eye has seen, or can see, your enlightened and sanctified hearts will see clearly.—*Ibid.*

*The foolish Exchange.*—All things are speeding to destruction. The light fades as we use it—the flower droops as we smell it—and the pleasures of the world pall

upon the taste of their largest shareholders. How disastrous if while reaping the world, we are losing heaven ; if while gathering the first-fruits of time you are forfeiting the high and holy prospects of eternity. Let me illustrate this :—A mother was once surprised by the alarm that her house was on fire. Agitated and perplexed, she recollected nevertheless certain valuable possessions. She ran accordingly, and saved from one room a casket of valuable jewels, and from another a few valuable paintings, and from a third considerable sums of money. Just as she cleared the threshold with the money, the roof fell in with one tremendous crash, and the flames rose upward in terrible sublimity ; and the mother, on gathering her thoughts for a moment, recollected she had left her infant boy in the cradle. Her overpowering distraction was unavailing ; for all possibility of saving her son, her only son, were for ever cut off. She had saved her property, but lost her son. Is there not strong warning in this incident for us ? Will it not be a catastrophe too big for utterance, if when we lie on our death-beds, or awake on the morning of the resurrection, we find that we have saved estates, and credit, and comforts, on earth, and gathered to our bosoms its richest things, but have lost, and left to everlasting burnings, the immortal, the undying soul ? “ What,” at such an hour, “ will it profit us if we gain the whole world and lose our own souls.” Pause, men and brethren, in your career. Look eternity in the face ; weigh the matter in the scales of the sanctuary, and see where, and on what, the soul of man should centre and repose. Be persuaded—time is the dream, eternity is the reality. The shadows are here, the substance is in the future. The great mountains and the shaggy rocks, beetled by the sea waves, or riven by the lightning, are dissolving ; the ocean, with his great bright eye cast ever upward to the heavens, is evaporating every hour. The sun grows weary in his march, the

moon in her silvery way, the stars begin to hide their heads, the winds to breathe out their last gasp, and a world's dreams of security shall soon be broken as by a peal of thunder; and, "seeing all these things must be dissolved, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness."—*Ibid.*

*St. Paul's Cathedral.*—It is related, that in the reign of George the Fourth, a party of American Indians visited this country; and, as was natural, were taken to view those objects considered most likely to interest their curiosity. Amongst other places, they visited St. Paul's Cathedral; on entering it, an aged female, one of the company of strangers, started back, her limbs trembled, the muscles of her face quivered, her whole body was agitated, and she exclaimed in a faltering voice, "Did God make it, or was it found here." No wonder that the sudden sight of that vast structure, and some vague idea of the sacred purposes to which it was assigned, made a deep impression upon her untutored mind, and excited in her those remarkable sensations of astonishment and awe.—*C. Lushington.*

*Religion.*—What has not the religion of Jesus, felt and enjoyed, enabled her subjects to bear? Filling the soul with her hallowed fire, her eloquence has been heard in cities, in towns, in islands, in castles, in dungeons, in councils, in palaces, in the senate, and at the stake; hence said one of those christians who suffered in the second century, I believe Tertullian, "With these hands stretched out to God, let crosses suspend me, let fires consume me, let swords pierce me, a christian should now be in a frame for enduring anything."—*J. Barfit.*

*The Scriptures.*—Luther said he would not take all the world for one leaf of the Bible. "To apply ourselves

to the writings of the wisest heathens," says Dr. Bates, "in order to our happiness, and to neglect the scriptures, is to be guilty of worse folly than the barbarous Indians at Mexico, who, though their woods abounded with wax, the labour of the bees, yet only made use of brands that afforded a little light with a great deal of smoke." The sacred oracles are not only the fountains of truth, but in them we discover the path of life. The knowledge and practice of these form the true christian; and such in the last day, who have known and kept the word of God, shall escape that punishment which they shall be exposed to who have neglected and despised it. In the Peloponnesian war, when the Athenian army was defeated in Sicily, and the prisoners were ordered to be put to death, such of them as could repeat any verses of Euripides, were saved out of respect to that poet, who was a citizen of Athens. So shall they be delivered from punishment, who have hid God's word in their hearts, and made it the constant rule of their lives, and that for his sake, and through him who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification.—*Pulpit*.

*Mercy for Sinners.*—I have read of a certain man, who, having secured to himself a formidable party, made open rebellion against one of the Roman Emperors. A proclamation was issued by the emperor, offering a large reward to any person or persons who should bring the rebel, dead or alive, before him. The rebel hearing of this, came and presented himself before the emperor, and made a demand of the promised reward. Struck with this extraordinary procedure, the emperor began to deliberate with himself what he should do; he concluded that if he should put the rebel to death, the world would say it was to save his money; he therefore forgave him, and paid him the reward.

Here, now (as one observes) was light in a dark lan-

tern ; a rare instance of mercy in a heathen. And shall not the blessed God, who is boundless in mercy, and full of compassion, pardon the greatest rebels, who convinced of their folly and wickedness, apply to him for remission of sins ? Surely he will. With the Lord there is mercy for the chief of sinners ; and how encouraging is the language of scripture, which says in reference to Christ, " Thou hast ascended up on high : thou hast led captivity captive ; thou hast received gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell amongst them."—*Ibid.*

*The force of Love.*—You will find that to produce love, is to secure perfect and unrestricted obedience. Eye-service will secure a partial obedience, interest will secure a temporary obedience, but love will secure perfect and unvaried obedience ; an obedience that shrinks from no difficulties, that pauses at no duties, that overcomes all threats, and triumphs over all opposition. The force of love. We have heard of a Codrus, whose love to his country led him to die for it. We have heard of a Romulus, and a Quintus Curtius, who prompted by this mighty impulse, could brave death in its most appalling shapes. We have heard of parents who encountered the rude billow and the dread storm to save their children. Love to one cherished in another's heart, will accomplish what no other power can prompt to. You are all familiar with an incident, that illustrates this fact. In Scotland a woman had a child a few weeks old, which was seized by one of the golden eagles, the largest in the country, and borne away in its talons to its lofty eyrie, on one of the most inaccessible cliffs of Scotland's bleak hills ; the mother perceiving her loss, hurried in alarm to its rescue, and the peasantry among whom the alarm spread rushed out to her aid ; they all came to the foot of the tremendous precipice ; the peasants were anxious to risk their

lives in order to recover the little infant ; but how was the crag to be reached ? One peasant tried to climb, but was obliged to return ; another tried, and came down injured ; a third tried, and one after another failed, and one universal feeling of despair and deep sorrow actuated the crowd as they gazed upon the eyrie where the poor infant lay. At last a woman was seen climbing first one part and then another, getting over one rock and then another ; and while every heart trembled with alarm, to the amazement of all they saw her reach the loftiest crag, and clasp the infant rejoicingly in her bosom. This heroic female began to descend the perilous steep with the child ; she moved from point to point ; and while every one thought that her next step would precipitate her and dash her to pieces, they saw her at length reach the ground with the child safe in her arms. Who was this female ? why did she succeed when others failed ? It was the mother of the child. And what made her overcome every obstacle ? There was a tie between that mother's heart and the infant, that drew her to its place, and nerved her to brave every difficulty, and to succeed where all beside had failed. It was maternal love. The fact is a proof of its might and capabilities. Just so with love to God in the sinner's heart, and it will bind him with fervour to his laws, and its possessor will obey all righteousness, love every holy law, overcome every difficulty, and brave all dangers. It is a tie that binds him to his Saviour, and draws him irresistably to his service.—*Rev. J. Cumming.*

*Security of the Church.*—The security of the church rests upon the purpose of the Father, the mediation of the Son, and the power of the Spirit ; and the perfections of the triune Jehovah are solemnly and irrevocably pledged to its continuance. That security has already been manifested in past ages, in circumstances which

only could have been met by the actual power and wisdom of Omnipotence ; and we believe that by the same energy it will be kept invulnerable even unto the end. Fears, we are perfectly aware, are often entertained as to its stability and as to its powers of continued existence, and the alarm has not unfrequently been reiterated, (as perchance also in our own times) that " the church is in danger." The church in danger ! false systems which have usurped the station and the name, may be in danger ; but the true church, never. The church in danger ! What, that church, whose banners have streamed, like the thunder cloud, against the wind, and pointed steadily toward the very centre of the elementary war ? That church, whose genius has stood unmoved alike before the northern tempest and the sunbeam, and thrown off its defence for neither ? That church, which has been uninjured alike by Jewish bigotry, and by Grecian subtlety, and by Roman empire, and by barbaric brutality, and by antichristian bloodshed, and by infidel blasphemy ? That church which now bears around it the recorded triumphs of centuries, and which stands without a bridge, circumvallated by the immortal fire of heaven ? The church in danger ? Is the energy of the Holy Spirit in danger ? Is the mediatorial exaltation of the Lord Jesus Christ in danger ? Oh ! talk not and dream not of danger while He lives, who amid the chafing and the tumult of the people has said, that He " laughs," and that He " has them in derision," and amid all change and all convulsion, repose upon the promise of Him who bought it with his blood—" Upon this rock I will build up my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." It was the vain panegyric of the eulogist of ancient Rome—" While Rome stands, the world shall stand ; and when Rome falls, the world shall fall." But Zion shall never fall—changeless amid the world's mutation, and indestructable amid its

ruin. "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God."—*Rev. J. Parsons.*

The very elements of man's wrath it has made the vehicles of its passage to victory. It has gathered strength from the enmity of Satan and the assaults of men. Like our British oak, the winds and tempests which have torn up other trees, have rooted it the deeper. It is already on the eve of triumph. It is an ark that all winds and all waves waft heavenward.—*Rev. J. Cumming.*

*Bells.*—Bells were first introduced into churches by Bishop Paulinus about A. D. 420, and the first was in a church in Nola, an ancient town of Campania in Italy. Before that time, congregations were called together in Europe, by the noise of wooden rattles.—*G. Scraggs.*

A Roman Emperor once brought together every thing which was magnificent that his extensive empire produced; and as the pageantry, with the multitude of his nobility, and himself at the head of it, was borne through the principal streets of his capital, in the pride of his heart he exclaimed, "What is there wanting here to complete felicity?" A courtier replied, "Continuance."

*The Comedy of Life.*—The world is the stage; men are the actors; the events of life form the piece; fortune distributes the parts; religion governs the performance; philosophers are the spectators; the opulent occupy the boxes; the powerful the amphitheatre; and the pit is for the unfortunate; the disappointed snuff the candles; folly composes the music; and time draws the curtains.—*T. W.*

*Romulus.*—The founder of the Roman Empire, wishing to people the city which he had built, made an

asylum of a sacred grove, to which fugitives, foreigners, and criminals resorted, whom he translated from aliens to citizens. The kingdom of Christ has been made up of those who had been convicted felons, and condemned malefactors, and who at the very best, are reprieved convicts, emancipated slaves, and hardened rebels.—*J. Ivimey.*

*Forgiveness.*—A deaf and dumb person being asked what was his idea of forgiveness, took the pencil and wrote, "It is the odour which flowers yield when trampled upon."

*Law.*—An ambassador who was sent to England by the Emperor of Morocco, in the time of Charles the Second, walking in the Hall of Westminster one day, and observing many persons in one costume, enquired of what profession they were, was answered, they were of the law. Of the law, exclaimed he, his master never had but two of that profession in his whole kingdom, the one he had killed to please the people, and the other he held in chains that he might do them no harm.—*Rev. R. Harness.*

ST. GREGORY was once requested to do an unworthy action, he returned this noble reply. "Prince, if I had two souls, I might perhaps be induced to sacrifice one to please you; but I have only one soul, and I am determined to save it."

COLONEL GARDINER, who was known by the name of "the happy rake," on seeing a dog come into a room one day, wished he were that dog! Does a child of God wish he were a dog, or wish he had never been born? No, many times a day he blesses God that ever he was born at all.—*Dr. Bennett.*

*Tertullian.*—When the heathen laid it as an imputation on the christians, that they were idle and unprofitable to the commonwealth, Tertullian replied that it was an injurious and forged accusation. "Look," saith he, "into your prisons; you see no christians there. Or if you do find a christian there, the fact that could be laid against him could be only this, that he was a christian."—*A. Faringdon.*

*A Pardon.*—It was the saying of one who had a deep insight into the corruption of human nature and the guilt of sin, that he would creep upon his hands and knees to Jerusalem for a pardon, if there was no other way to obtain it. You need not go so far; the glad tidings of peace with God are brought home to your doors.—*T. Adam.*

*"Joy in Harvest."* Isaiah ix. 3.—Pennant tells us, in his travels, that in parts of Scotland, he sometimes saw large numbers reaping to the sound of a musician behind them playing on the bagpipe, and thus enlivening the scene and softening the work.—*Rev. W. Jay.*

*Diligence.*—It was well said by an old Puritan, "I find diligence the best preservative from temptation; for when Satan comes to me with his proposals, I say to him, I cannot attend to thee now I am so busy."

*The Christian Soldier.*—There is much in his leader and commander. Some chiefs have so attached and inspired their troops, that they would plunge into any enterprise, or follow them into any danger. It was said proverbially, at Rome, that it was unbecoming a Roman soldier to fear while Cæsar was alive. It is much more unworthy a christian soldier to fear while Christ is alive; for, because, says he, I live, ye shall live also. When

Antigonus heard some of his troops rather despondingly say, "How many are coming against us?" He asked, "But how many do you reckon me for?" And whenever we think of our foes, and the Captain of our salvation, we may truly say, more are they that be with us, than they that be with them. Greater is he that is in us, than he that is in the world.—*Rev. W. Jay.*

*Bones.*—The number of bones in the human body is generally estimated at about 245; of which there are reckoned, in the skull, head, and face, 61; in the trunk, 64; in the arms and hands, 60; and in the legs and feet, 60.—*T. Dick.*

HENRY II, of England, after a splendid reign, said, "There is not a corner of my heart in which I can find relief." One source however remains, whence it may certainly be derived, viz. "Trust in God."—*J. Cope.*

*Monuments in Churches in Memory of Warriors.*—Is it justifiable in christians to erect in their places of worship, monuments commemorative of human slaughter, and in praise of great warriors, in imitation of Pagans? If so, what part of the New Testament authorizes the practice?

*Note.* Tamerlane, it is said, built a monument composed of ninety thousand human heads. The Indians of North America ornament their wigwams with the scalps of their prisoners; and some of the South Sea Islanders exhibit after war, human bones in fanciful display.

*God's Care for his People.*—Let us refer to history. Were the history of the church well written, (but nothing is worse written) it would be so many records of God's kindness. A few striking instances of it have been preserved. One shall serve for quotation. In that period

of christian barbarism, rendered infamous in a neighbouring country by the revocation of the edict of Nantz, when the blood of the saints was shed without measure, (since then God has given that nation blood to drink) some of those persons employed in the diabolic work of persecuting to death, under the name of heretics, their unoffending neighbours, were sent in pursuit of the celebrated Du Moulin, a minister of eminence among the protestants. They had long sought for him in vain, when at length they traced him to a house, and followed immediately his steps into it. Every corner of this house they searched, an oven excepted; which he who can employ on the designs of his mercy, an insect as well as an angel, had rendered by means of a despicable spider, the secure asylum of his servant. A web just thrown over its mouth prevented scrutiny, and thus Du Moulin was preserved. God "cared for him."—*Rev. A. E. Farrar.*

*Trajan.*—It is said of Trajan, that he tore his robe in order to bind up the wounds of a poor bleeding soldier whom he saw before him. But what was this to our Lord and Saviour? "By his stripes we are healed."—*Rev. W. Jay.*

*Charles XII, of Sweden.*—This extraordinary man, whose name will live while war has a name among men, exerted his genius in order so to form his army, that he might lead his soldiers from conquering to conquer. How did he effect this? Not only by labouring to infuse into them an intrepid spirit similar to his own; nor even by taking an equal share in all their difficulties and privations; but by exposing himself still more than any of his men, to every hardship. When about to encamp, he would choose the worst spot of ground whereon to pitch his own tent, generally selecting some

marshy place where he could have no comfort ; and the worst food in the camp he would take to himself. While out with his army on one occasion, their provisions became very bad, and even black and rotten ; a poor soldier held out a piece of the black bread to show his general, but he did not say anything, and Charles took it and ate a piece of it ; he acknowledged it was not very good, but he showed the soldier that he could eat it. Hence his soldiers were ashamed to complain, for the answer was ready, " Are you not better off than the king." This conduct infused such a spirit into his army, that only God could stop that man ; only death could arrest his course. Consider now the Saviour of the world ! " Of him, and through him, and to him, are all things." He, indeed, chose no suffering ; neither is it his will that you should choose it. But he submitted to all. Born in the lowest condition, in every subsequent step of his holy life he was exposed to poverty, often without a shelter from the raging elements, a prey to insults and to injuries ; the victim of treachery, and at length condemned to a cruel death. Brethren ! ought we not to " learn in whatsoever state we are to be content ?"

*The Martyrs of Sebastian.*—About three hundred years after the death of our Saviour, there were forty soldiers in the Roman army who had become christians, and who unanimously refused to worship their former idols of wood and stone. They told their exasperated leader that they were certainly his worldly servants, and that their bodies he might dispose of as he thought proper ; but that their souls were not their own, but bought with a precious price, and that the Redeemer who had bought them, him only would they serve. The governor then resolved to put them to death, and in a very extraordinary way. Under the walls of the town was a river frozen, and upon this river he exposed the

forty naked sufferers to perish of the cold ! A warm bath was prepared at a small distance for any of them who would relent, and turn from Christ to the Roman temple. They cheerfully submitted to the desperate trial, and they bore boldly hour after hour the thrilling agonies of the frozen air. At last one of the unhappy sufferers relented ; while the gates of heaven were just opening to his view, while the thousands of angels were preparing his crown of victory, and saints were expecting his ascending spirit, the wretched apostate arose from his ice couch, crawled to the seductive bath, and stepping into the warm and emollient water, he expired ! May that God who knew what was in man, have mercy upon him ! But may the lesson not be lost upon the reader.—*Rev. E. Scobell.*

*Henry VIII.*—The character which is given of this cruel and furious monarch, towards the latter part of his life, is very striking. When bodily disease prevailed upon him, and particularly a pain in his leg, he was more furious than a chained lion. He had ever been stern and severe, but he was then outrageous. In this state he continued for nearly four years before his death, the terror of all, and the tormentor of himself. As his end approached, his anguish and remorse were such as cannot be described.—*Rev. J. Fawcett.*

*Earthly Vicissitudes.*—All worldly things are like the sea, ebbing and flowing ; or like the moon, always increasing or decreasing ; or like a wheel, always turning up and down. Such a story we have of Sesostris, king of Egypt, who would have his chariot drawn with four kings, and one of them had his eyes continually on the wheel : whereupon Sesostris asked what he meant by it. He answered, it put him in mind of the mutability of all earthly things, "For I see," said he, "that part of the wheel which is now up on high is presently down beneath ;



more good than our religion seems to do us. I should like to hear her ministers.' So she went, and was impressed; and prevailed upon her husband to go, and he was impressed; and now they are all followers of God, to the praise of his grace, in that house.

*Union is Strength.*—Let us learn a lesson from what travellers tell us of the pliant Indian cane, which unable when single to support its own weight, embraces its fellow, and, when a number chance to grow together, they so gain strength by the mutual support afforded by the interlacing stems, as to rise from prostrate helplessness to rival the elevation of the proud monarchs of the forest, and give to mankind a fit emblem of the advantages of brotherly help and friendly combination.

*Idolatry.*—It is recorded in ancient history, that the temple of Serapis, in the city of Alexandria, was one of the most majestic erections of Pagan power. When the destruction of Paganism took place in the Roman Empire, this vast temple was doomed to destruction. In the centre of the temple was their God, with arms reaching from one side to the other: priestly legends proclaimed that whoever should venture to injure their God, that he would cause the earth and the heavens to return to their primeval chaos. An intrepid Romish soldier ascended a ladder, with an axe in one hand, while the multitude stood by in consternation. He raised his arm, and struck a vigorous blow, and part of the statue fell to the ground, but the thunder was silent, and nature was unmoved. He struck again, until the mighty idol was broken in pieces, the limbs were dragged through the streets, and the fragments were buried in the dust; but the empire was not destroyed, so, with the weapon of the gospel, we have broken into the great temple of idolatry. Its empire has been shaken,—its mystic rites, venerable for

their antiquity, are losing their influence,—but we must strike again, and again, and ere long an angel shall be seen crying in the midst of heaven, proclaiming to the inhabitants, Babylon is fallen—is fallen.—*Rev. J. Parsons.*

*Christian Heroes.*—Religion, in every age, has been able to boast of heroes more distinguished than any other cause, whether the object for which they contended was their altars, their liberty, or their native land. Have the religious Vaudois ever given their oppressors reason to laugh at their piety, when encountered in battle? They have always fought as from heaven. Did the Puritans, whatever the character of their quarrel, just or unjust, ever bring disgrace on English bravery? Did they not cause it to be universally respected? Did not Sidney, the bravest of the brave, make religion his boast, and wear it as an ornament? Did piety impair the courage of a Gardiner, or a Blackader, a Melville, or a Burn? Was the venerable Lord Duncan less formidable to the enemy because he prayed? or would the Dutch admiral, who, when he came on board to surrender himself, was deeply affected at the sight of the veteran on his knees, have engaged him a second time the more confidently for having discovered that he was in the habit of calling God to his aid? Did Nelson—which is only another name for intrepidity—go into his last engagement with less intrepidity because a prayer was still wet from his pen on the page of his journal? Or were the three allied sovereigns less nerved for conflict when they had knelt on the field of battle, and publicly adored the king of kings.—*Harris's Britannia.*

*Christianity.*—The genius of christianity has still the same tendency, and will ever prove itself to be of God. Like the solar fire, it more and more of its own, far

above earthly things ; and while it penetrates our mundane elements without being contaminated by them, it gives beauty and loveliness to every scene to which it imparts its life—giving energies, and over which it pours its celestial radiance. It has been said by philosophers, that so admirably is the earth balanced, that were but a fly to alight upon it from another sphere, it would disturb the harmony of its parts. We know that every thing is affected that is touched by the spirit of christianity. It touches the heart of the proud man, and he becomes humble as a little child ; it touches the heart of the sensualist, and it becomes pure and heavenly.—*Rev. J. Philip.*

*Influence of Example.*—"We are all," says Mr. Locke, "a kind of chameleons, that take a tincture from the objects that surround us." A still wiser man has told us, that "he that walketh with wise men shall be wise ; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

We are all aware, from our own observation, and from our knowledge of the history of past times, how much of human character is formed by association and example, associations which are bad, lead to conformity in evil ; and associations which are right, lead to conformity in good. The influence of association in the formation of character has been beautifully illustrated in the oriental apologue. A philosopher in one of his walks beheld beside him a substance from which was emitted a fragrant and delightful smell, he took it in his hand, and inquired, "What art thou, from whence there issues an odour so delightful ?" And he was answered, "I am but a lump of clay, but I was placed beside a rose, and so I partook of its fragrance." Eminently is that true with regard to religion, which communicates fragrance and beauty to the most unpromising.—*Rev. J. Parsons.*

IDLENESS is the devil's pillow, wherefore many good christians who think the devil deserves none take it away from him and put it under their own heads.—*St. Ambrose.*

*Bad Company.*—It is difficult to enumerate all the evils that result from bad associates. A young man in the neighbourhood of Bristol was visited during a fit of illness by a methodist preacher. As he began to recover he attended a place of worship regularly, and appeared to be so steady and lively a christian that all his neighbours envied his happiness, but he had not been well long before he became acquainted with some bad young men. He was soon tempted to leave his christian companions! but he could not do this at once. He began to neglect private prayer and the reading of the word—then he absented himself from the week night services, then from those of the sabbath, then he went to the ale-house, and drank to excess, in this course he went on for a few weeks till one day, while drinking, he took up his glass, and cried out, "Here's damnation to the methodist preacher that visited me." He soon after went out in a ship to Ireland; the ship was wrecked, and he was dashed to pieces on the rocks! O, young people, let me warn you against bad companions! the very breath of their conversation is as the steam of the bottomless pit. Shun all these, and let your associates be religious, your companions be serious. O, say you, but I cannot get serious people to take me by the hand! If it were so you had better go alone to heaven than in a group to hell. Matthew Henry says, "'Tis too great a compliment to pay, to be damned for the sake of company."—*Rev. T. Jones.*

SPILSBURY suffered for conscience sake; he had been in prison and released once; and when he was apprehended a second time, and they were leading him away to prison, and his wife and children were weeping around,

he said, "O weep not for me—I am not afraid to go to prison now, for I found God there the first time." Did not John find him when labouring as a slave in the mines of Patmos? Did not Daniel find him in the lion's den? Did not the three Hebrew children find him in the fiery furnace? Did not Joseph find him in the dungeon? Have not his people in all ages found him a very present help in trouble?—*Rev. W. Jay.*

*An Ancient Custom.*—Two centuries ago, whenever the name of Judas was used in the liturgy in churches, most of the people smote on their breast. And when the name of the devil or satan was used, the people began spitting, and continued to do so at the repetition of these names.—*G. Craggs.*

*Heathen Gods.*—If we go to the Hindoos, we find that they have (according to the statement of Dr. Duff,) three hundred and thirty millions of gods. If we refer to the Chinese they have god in every house and in every grove; and the missionary traveller Gutzlaff states, that he saw upon sign-boards in China, "Gods made and repaired in this house."

HENRY III, of England, used to say, that he would rather converse one hour with God in prayer, than hear others speak of him for ten.—*Echard.*

HENRY IV, of France, (to recommend affability and good nature) used to say, that one drop of honey attracted more flies than a spoonful of vinegar.—*Pleasing Instructor.*

*Epitaph in Ripon Minster Yard.*—Here lieth ye body of Margaret Lupton, late ye wife of Mr. Sampson Lupton, of Braistly-Wood, in Netherdale, who departed

this life, the 2nd of November, anno dom. 1718, in the 74th year of her age, and lived to be mother and grandmother to above 150 children, and at the baptizing of her first grandchild, the child had ten grandfathers and grandmothers then present.

*Lines by Lord Byron, written in his dying moments.*

Though gay companions o'er the bowl  
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill ;  
 Though pleasure fills the maddening soul,  
 The heart, the heart is lonely still.

Aye, but to die, and go alas !  
 Where all have gone, and all must go ;  
 To be the nothing that I was,  
 Ere born to life and living woe.

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,  
 Count o'er thy days from anguish free ;  
 And know, whatever thou hast been,  
 'Tis something better not to be.

Nay, for myself, so dark my fate  
 Through every turn of life hath been ;  
 Man and the world so much I hate,  
 I care not when I quit the scene.

*Remarks.*—Is this the fruit of infidelity ? Is this a dying infidel's rest and hope ? Contrast it with the language of St. Paul, " I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith : henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day." This is worthy of man ; this requiem ennobles even dying man ; this looks like the creed of veracity, of virtue, and of God.—*Rev. J. Cumming.*

ANTONINUS, Archbishop of Florence in the fifteenth century, after a long laborious life, often in his dying

moments declared, as he had frequently done in health, "To serve God is to reign."—*Church History*.

JUDGE BULSTRODE, in one of his charges, observes, "One play-house ruins more souls than fifty churches can save."

*Hints for Preachers*.—Dr. Owen used to say, when suffering through his excessive application to study, "That he would gladly give up all the knowledge he had acquired after ten o'clock at night, if he could recover all the strength he had lost by studies carried on after that hour."

James the Seventh said of one of his chaplains, "This man preaches before me just as if death were seated at his elbow."

Do we read that Cardinal Wolsey often spent three hours upon his knees before King Henry VIII, (often in vain) to obtain a favour, and shall not we whom God has made his mouth, deal much and often with him?—*R. Cope*.

Leighton, when asked whether he preached to the times, as was usual in the seventeenth century, made this reply, "If all the brethren have preached to the times, may not one poor brother be suffered to preach on eternity?"

The late Rev. Henry Martyn was known at the university by the designation of "The man who never wasted an hour."

Said one of the renowned fathers, "Were the highest heavens my pulpit, and all the angels, with the number-

less hosts of the redeemed, my audience, and eternity my day, Jesus should alone be my text." The idea is grand, and plainly shows how fully his mind was established in the belief of the apostle's declaration that "Christ is all in all." Would to God that this opinion were universal. *Pulpit.*

During a recent voyage, sailing in a heavy sea, near a reef of rocks, a minister on board the vessel remarked in a conversation between the man at the helm and the sailors, an enquiry whether they should be able to clear the rocks without making another tack; when the captain gave orders that they should put off to avoid all risk. The minister observed, "I am rejoiced that we have so careful a commander." The captain replied, "It is necessary that I should be very careful, because I have souls on board. I think of my responsibility; and should any thing happen through carelessness, I should have a great deal to answer for; I wish never to forget, Sir, that souls are very valuable!" The minister turning to some of his congregation, who were upon deck with him, observed, "The captain has preached me a powerful sermon; I hope I shall never forget, when I am addressing my fellow-creatures on the concerns of eternity, that I have souls on board!"

When Pericles, the Athenian orator, went to address the people, he prayed to the gods that nothing might go out of his mouth but what might be to the purpose. A good example for preachers.—*Bradbury.*

We are oft apt to conceive ourselves as of less consequence, and possessing less responsibility in the advancement of the kingdom of Christ than is actually the case. The greatest achievements ever yet brought about, have been effected, not by the solitary wisdom of the few, but

by the actual co-operation of the many. They were probably very humble and insignificant men who built the ark of Noah, the pyramids of Egypt, the temple of Solomon, and the idolatrous temples of the East. There were far more poor than rich men in the armies of Alexander, and Xerxes, and Cæsar, and Marlborough, and Napoleon. It was to a company of poor shepherds that the Saviour of the world was proclaimed; it was by a little band of poor fishermen that the Gospel first was preached, and the philosophy of Greece and Rome overturned; it was by a poor monk, and a very insignificant one, that the reformation from Popery was effected: and God has, in every age, "chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; yea, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are." *Rev. S. Thodey.*

The Turkish ambassador wished to see Mahomet the Second's scimitar, by which it was said he had accomplished such wonderful exploits. When he showed it to him, he said, "I don't see any thing different in it from others:" and he immediately replied, "The virtue of the weapon depends upon the strength of my arm, and the wisdom and the power with which I have used it." So ministers may use the sword of the spirit,—the word of God; but if the spirit's arm be not with it, they may brandish it every sabbath to little purpose. After Isaiah had preached the most eloquent and soul-melting sermons, he used to retire to his closet and say, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?" It is that "arm of the Lord with the sword of his spirit," that does the wonder.

*Disadvantages of Eloquent Preaching*,—Eloquence in the pulpit, will not do without the Gospel. Massillon

could make the grand monarch tremble on his throne, and pause for a moment in the career of his iniquities ; but when the sound of Massillon's voice was hushed, the trembling left the heart of the king ; he paused no longer in the career of his vices ; but rushed with more vehemence, from the momentary restraint upon his licentious character. It is recorded of Narnine, an Italian and Roman Catholic preacher, that during the season of Lent, he preached in the pulpits of Rome, and with such effect, that half the city, as they went from beneath his sermons, along the streets, audibly exclaimed, " Lord have mercy upon us." Two thousand crowns were spent in one single week in the purchase of ropes for the formation of whips, to inflict the laceration of a self-inflicted penance. When he preached before the Pope to the Cardinals and Bishops, he represented the evils of non-residence in so frightful a manner, that he alarmed between thirty and forty Bishops back to their dioceses. In the pulpit of the university of Salamanca, he induced, by the simple eloquence of his voice, and the representations which he made, eight hundred students to renounce the pleasures, and pomps, and honours of this world, and betake themselves to the different monasteries that were open for their reception. But it was all mere transient excitement. Narnine himself lived to complain of his want of success, and, soon after the effects to which I have alluded, with disappointed hopes and a disgusted mind, retired to his cell ; the bishops went back to the court ; the whip-makers' gains were diminished, for whips were no longer in request ; and Rome remained the Augean stable, with all its thousand years of accumulation of moral guilt. Now mark what was wanting in Narnine's preaching ;—the Gospel. Eloquence moves the passions, but it is the Gospel of Christ alone that can change the heart ; and let us have Narnines or Massillons in our pulpits, but if we have not the Gospel, whatever

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internal and external effect may be produced, the heart will not be changed, and the soul will not be converted to God.—*Rev. J. A. James.*

*John Calvin.*—When he was most energetic in the pulpit, in the study, and in the consistory, some brother said to him, “Calvin, you work too hard.” “What,” said he, “would you have the master come and find me idle?” Let it be our great anxiety to be so busily employed for God, that should the Master come suddenly, we might say, “Lord, at thy bidding we leave the work we love, to live with thee for ever.” Happy that servant, who, when his Master cometh, shall be found so doing!  
*Rev. J. Blackburn.*

*Disobedience to Parents.*—“Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land.” Exodus xx. 12.

The following solemn instance of the effects of disobedience to parents occurred in my neighbourhood:—

A father possessing a rabbit warren, had two sons, George and Charles. The latter was one of those thoughtless, inattentive, and carelessly disobedient lads, about seven or eight years old, whom we so often see at that age. It was a holiday, and their father asked them what treat he should give them. They answered, a rabbit pie, and to take them with him to shoot the rabbits; to which he consented. But just as they were starting, he said, “No; one is quite enough for a person with a gun to take care of; you shall go in turns. George, come with me, and Charles, wait till I return for you.” Then turning again, he said, “Now observe, Charles, you are not to leave the house till I return.” But as soon as he was out of sight, Charles determined to follow and see all. So he took down his rabbit skin cap, ran up a lane, crept along amongst the furze bushes,

and came near his father. The poor man hearing a rustling, and seeing the skin cap, fired! There was only one shriek, and when he ran amazed to the place, there lay little Charles shot through the head, and killed on the spot.—*T. G.*

*The power of Conscience.*—The natives of the South Sea Islands, before their conversion to christianity, were notorious for their propensity to thieving; and scarcely a ship touched at any of them, from which they did not pilfer every thing that they could conceal and carry away. A missionary lately preached a sermon in one of these islands, from the precept of the apostle, "Let him that stole steal no more;" in which he strongly insisted on the duty and necessity of restitution. The natives heard with attention and self-application. On the following morning the preacher was surprised to find his house surrounded with islanders, who were loaded with saws, hammers, axes, and almost every description of tools and furniture belonging to a ship. He enquired what they wanted, and where they had procured all those articles; to which they replied, "We stole this saw from such a vessel, and that axe from such another;" and went on to confess from what ships every article had been pilfered. "But, Sir," they added, "we heard you preach last week about restitution; and our consciences told us we were guilty. We have had no sleep during the night, and now wish you to restore these articles to the right owners."

*A Picture of the World.*—A celebrated writer was once asked whence he drew his vivid pictures of the world, as his life was one of seclusion; he replied, from the world within his own breast, in which he could discover the germs of all the vices or follies he portrayed.

*Great Britain.*—When Julius Cæsar went forth to conquer this country, he had a nephew in that expedition to whom he wrote a letter, acquainting him that he was going to Albion, a country so low and degraded, where there was no knowledge of music or of the arts and sciences, &c. and it was deemed to imperial Rome a poor thing to visit this country. Now what is the change? Rome is in the dust, and Great Britain is exalted among the nations. Now, in the short flight of eighteen hundred years, this mighty change has taken place, Great Britain has become what she has; not indeed for her own aggrandizement, wealth, or pride, but (we trust) for the glory of Christ; and if England perform her part among the nations of the earth, she shall have her name engraven in characters more durable than marble, brass, or gold; but if she fail to fulfil the task assigned her, she shall be blotted out from the map of the nations as Jerusalem was blotted out before her, because she knew not the time of her visitation.—*Rev. S. Thodey.*

*The Judgment Day.*—The mind of the sinner will be dilated, to take in at one glance all the evils, all the abominations of his life; and he will both perceive and acknowledge the justice of the sentence. Every sin shall be revealed as by a flash of lightning, and every secret thought pointed out as by a sunbeam to his conscience. A French writer, Nicole, supposes the case of a man, who, assisted by many others, should spend several years in collecting an immense number of vipers; and as they are placed in a darkened room, they drop down in a state of torpidity. The windows are suddenly opened, and all these monsters suddenly awake, new life seems imparted to them in a moment, and heedless of his doleful shrieks, they spring upon and devour their wretched victim. So will our unrepented sins rise up against us in the last day, though this horrid picture falls infinitely short of

the reality. All that has been done in the body will then be made manifest.—*Rev. J. H. Applegate.*

*Christian Love.*—It was said of the primitive christians, "See how these christians love one another!" They were of the same spirit as a good woman of Scotland was, who, when she saw a great multitude, as is customary in the country, coming from various parts to receive the blessed sacrament, saluted them with, "Come in ye blessed of the Lord, I have an house that will hold an hundred of you, and a heart that will hold ten thousand." Let us go and do likewise.—*Rev. G. Whitfield.*

*Image Worship.*—It is related of Louis the Eleventh of France, a most cruel and vile character, that he wore a great number of small images of saints round his hat, and that when he was in any great trouble, he used to kneel down, take out one or other of the images, put it on the table and pray to it.—*Manners and Customs of the Jews.*

*Epitaph on a Miser.*

Beneath this verdant hillock lies  
Wemer, the wealthy and the wise.  
His heirs, that he might safely rest,  
Have put his carcass in a chest;  
The very chest in which, they say,  
His other self, his money lay.  
And if his heirs continue kind  
To that dear self he left behind,  
I dare believe, that four in five,  
Will think his better half alive.

*Affection for Christ.*—When the magistrate told Polycarp that he had beasts of prey which would devour him, "Do your best," he said, "I will not deny my Lord and Master. Four-score years and six have I

served him, and he has never said an unkind word to me : and shall I deny him now ?" When poor Jane West, the blind woman, who used to pay people to teach her the Scriptures, because she could not read, was condemned at Derby for her attachment to Christ, the poor young woman, led by the hand of her brother, said, " I go to the stake with cheerfulness, because I am going to Christ." And when John Knight and Bradford were united together to be burnt in Smithfield, and poor John Knight, the apprentice boy, only nineteen, was a martyr for Christ, and his heart began to faint, Bradford said, " Cheer up, brother, we shall have a merry supper with Christ our Lord to-night."—*Rev. J. Sherman.*

One of the martyrs under Nero, said, " Had I ten heads, they should all go off for Christ." And another said, " If every hair of my head were a man, they should suffer for Christ." Another martyr said, " None but Christ, none but Christ." And Austin exclaimed, " O Lord, take away all, only give me thyself."

ANTONY the monk, when the philosopher asked him where his books were, answered, " The voluminous books of the creation."—*Intellectual Flowers*, 1691.

MERCY is like the rainbow, ; we must never look for it after night. It shines not in the other world. If we refuse mercy here, we must have justice in eternity.—*Le Bas.*

*Providence.*—The interposition of natural causes has frequently been employed to answer the purposes of mercy to the people of God, when reduced to extremities. In the year 1673, when the Protestants were closely besieged in Rochelle, by the French king's forces, God sent them daily, with the tide, an infinite number of

small fishes, such as before that time were never seen within that haven; and which, soon after the close of the siege, ceased to appear.

*Pardon for Sinners.*—Otho the Great, the Emperor of Germany, was a brave, magnanimous, and illustrious prince. His son Ludolphus, was also a prince of great favor and promise; but falling into the evil counsels of the Duke of Franconia, and other German noblemen, he was induced to withdraw his allegiance from the Emperor his father, and to enter into an open rebellion against him. Otho was soon in a condition to meet the rebel powers: but before the sword was actually unsheathed, Ludolphus began to reflect on his ingratitude, and on his danger. He remembered that to him, his imperial father had ever been most generous—most affectionate. He called to mind his high military renown, and became convinced that if Otho fought, Otho must conquer. Ashamed of his ingratitude, impressed with his danger, Ludolphus came to the resolution of throwing himself upon the clemency of his illustrious and injured parent, Unarmed and unattended, he sought the Emperor's presence, and taking an opportunity while Otho was engaged in the diversion of hunting, he cast himself at his father's feet. After a pathetic pause, the young prince broke silence—"Have pity," said he, "upon your child, who thus returns subdued and penitent to your feet. If a life so justly forfeited, can be spared, let me live! Let me live to amend my conduct, and yet to prove myself a faithful and obedient son!" Otho was a wise prince, a great general, a powerful monarch, but he was a father—and all the father rose in his soul! Melting with affection, suffused in tears, he sobbed out—"Rise, my son, rise"—and taking him from the ground, forgave him on the spot, embraced him with the most tender cordiality, and for his sake forgave all his followers who had ap-

peared in arms against their lawful and generous prince.

From this affecting incident, in German history, much may be learned.

Our heavenly father is a very great and powerful sovereign. High above all created beings, the reins of universal empire are in his hands. From the hands of this our sovereign father, we have received nothing but good; and his benefits have been distributed with all the gentleness of the parent, and all the munificence of the prince. Yet we are found in rebellion against him; in alliance with his adversaries, and with the weapons of this unnatural warfare in our hands. And shall we persist in this dreadful course? Shall we venture to meet the terrors of an almighty arm? No! our hope lies in submission, not in resistance; in his mercy, and not in our might. For though he be thus great, and glorious, and powerful, he is nevertheless our father; actuated by the sentiments, moved by the love of the kindest and best of fathers, there is yet forgiveness with him that he may be feared. Let us lay down the weapons of our rebellion; let us fall at his feet; let us with unaffected penitence of soul, spread before him all our baseness, all our ingratitude, all our guilt. Let us plead the merits of our crucified, our risen, our adorable intercessor at his right hand. We shall not plead in vain. He will stoop from the throne of his glory; he will speak to us in accents of forgiveness and peace; he will restore us to his everlasting arms of mercy and love!—*Rev. J. Bromley.*

“*They Say.*”—“*They say*” tells that which is not true at least three times out of four. He is about the worst authority you can produce to support the credibility of your statement. Scarcely was there ever a suspicious report put in circulation, but this *Mr. They say* was the author of it; and he always escapes responsibility and detection, because, living just no where, he can never be

found. Who said that Mr. E. the merchant, was supposed to be in a failing condition? Why, "They say" so. On what authority do you affirm that neighbour F. has been seen in bad company? Why, "They say" so. Is it a fact that Miss G. is not so circumspect and chaste as she should be? Why, "They say" so. Plague on Mr. They say: he is half brother to that Mr. Nobody, who always does all the mischief, and lives nowhere, but in the inventive brain of those who, undeserving respect themselves, are desirous to pull others down to their own level. We always suspect the truth of a report which comes from the authority of "They say." *Christian Intelligencer.*

*Hints for Christians.*—A Polish prince who carried about with him a miniature picture of his royal father, would frequently take it out from his bosom, and, with strong emotions of love and veneration, exclaim, "Great prince, may I never do anything unworthy of thy name." Consider, my dear brother, you are a christian. You are called by that "worthy name" which all the angels adore.—*Letter addressed to a Young Christian.*

"Give all diligence that ye may be found of him in peace."

There is in some countries an animal called a sloth, which is said to begin feeding at the bottom of a tree, and slowly ascends as necessity impels, until it has stripped the tree of all its bark and leaves, and consequently must leave it in a dying state. Just such an obnoxious, destructive thing is that sloth which is seen continually hanging about some professors of religion; and though its advances are slow, it will strip them of all the fine foliage of their profession; and like the worm in Jonah's gourd, cause their religion to wither, and totally die away.

On a certain occasion, a trumpeter in the British army was ordered to sound a retreat ; but the trumpeter begged to be excused, saying he did not know any such a note ; so the christian ought not to know any such note as a retreat.—*Rev. J. Bunting.*

One of the ancient christians declared that he carried his God about with him continually ; and this is highly expressive of the delightful experience of the true believer. God is the inmate of his soul, and he is intimately and constantly present with him.—*Rev. T. Lessey.*

It was a custom of the Parthians, not to give their children any meat in the morning before they saw the sweat on their faces with some labour. And you shall find this to be God's usual course, not to give his children the tastes of his delights till they begin to sweat in seeking after them.—*R. Baxter.*

Bolingbroke said, " I now find in my affliction that my philosophy fails me." But the christian's religion does not fail him in the day of trouble ; take the christian and strip him of all ; yet, with Christ in his arms, he can smile and sing, " I have all, and abound."

" Further still," was the motto of Charles the Fifth ; and this should be the motto of every christian. It was Paul's motto, " I press towards the mark for the prize of my high calling in Christ Jesus."

Lord Brooks was so charmed with that rare and accomplished personage, Sir Philip Sydney, that he would have no other inscription on his tomb, than this—" Here lies the friend of Sir Philip Sydney."

Ah ! says the christian, I envy not those whose sepul-

chre will be adorned with the trophies of war. the pride of heraldry, or the renown of science, if my humble grave can tell, and tell truly—"Here lies the friend of Christ."—*Ibid.*

One of the ancient philosophers used himself to beg alms of statues; and being asked the reason, said he, "I am learning patience by denial."

Naturalists write of the crocodile, that it grows to its dying day; so ought christians in grace. When we begin to stand still, we go downwards.—*Intellectual Flowers*, 1691.

The ancients feign that some of their warriors had been provided with heavenly armour—armour which was proof against every mortal weapon. This every christian warrior really has.—*Rev. W. R. Taylor.*

Voltaire more than once says, in his letters to Madame Duffand, "I hate life, and yet I am afraid to die." A christian fears neither of these. He is willing to abide; and he is ready to go. Life is his; death is his. Whether we wake or sleep, we shall live together with him.—*Rev. W. Jay.*

Quintus Curtius saith of Alexander the Great, that in a battle with Darius, while the fortune of it yet was doubtful, yet carried himself as if he was sure of victory. So may a christian in the spiritual warfare.—*Ibid.*

"I knew a case in which the minister praying over a child apparently dying, said, 'If it be thy will, spare'—the poor mother's heart yearning for her beloved, exclaimed, 'It must be his will, I cannot bear ifs.' The minister stopped. To the surprise of the child

recovered ; and the mother after almost suffering martyrdom by him while a stripling, lived to see him hanged before he was two-and-twenty. It is good to say, ' Not my will, but thine be done.'"—*Life of Rev. Samuel Gilping.*

Luther mentions a holy virgin who used to rebuke the devil's temptations, by saying, " I am a christian."—*Ibid.*

Believer ! go on—your last step will be on the head of the old serpent ; you'll crush it, and spring from it into glory.—*Dr. J. M. Mason.*

The secret of success is earnestness ; by it Luther reformed religion, by it Bacon reformed philosophy, by it Harvey reformed medicine, by it Gall and Spurzheim reformed metaphysics, and without its exercise man cannot attain heaven.

" While I breathe, I hope," is one of the sentiments of the ancient world. It remains for the christian to give it its proper application. While I breathe, I hope ; but when I breathe my last, my hope shall not expire—my hope survives the tomb ; it can scarcely be said to live in this world—it is an exotic brought from Paradise, and will thrive better near the throne above.—*Dr. Waugh.*

When Hannibal arrived at the summit of the dismal Alps, he called out to his soldiers to feast their eyes on the beautiful plains of Italy, and said, " A few more battles, and a few more victories, and those fields are ours." So I would say, " Christian soldiers ! Invincible bands ! A few more battles, and a few more victories, and heaven will be ours."

PIETY is the illuminated orb that looks into heaven ; the hand that grasps the horns of the altar ; the holy knee that bows before the footstool of the heavenly shrine.—*Rev. E. Andrews.*

*Dying Christians.*

Not a groan, nor a pain, nor a tear,  
Nor a grief, nor a wish, nor a sigh,  
Nor a cloud, nor a doubt, nor a fear,  
But calm as a slumber they die.

*Edmeston's Sacred Hymns.*

Mr. Henry, when he was just about to expire, said to a friend, " You have heard many men's dying words, and these are mine :—A life well spent in communion with God, is the pleasantest life in the world."

The late celebrated Matthew Wilks called upon the Rev. John Hyatt his colleague in the ministry, who was at the point of death. " Well, brother Hyatt," said the good old man, " I have sometimes heard you say in the pulpit, that if you had a hundred souls, you could venture them all on Christ ; can you say so now ?" The dying saint, though worn nearly to a skeleton, and almost suffocated with phlegm, made an effort to speak, and with eyes almost flashing fire, he replied, " A million ! a million !" and soon afterwards expired.—*Rev. T. Gibson.*

When the excellent and Reverend Mr. Cecil was stretched on his dying bed, he frequently remarked to his friends—" If God raise me up again, Christ shall be my only subject !" —*Rev. G. Weight.*

The celebrated Haliburton in dying circumstances, observed, " I loved to live preaching Christ, and I love to die preaching Christ."

Among other expressions to be found in his memoirs, he replied to a minister that enquired, "How are you, Sir, to-day?" "I bless his name, I am posting to eternity, to heaven." To a gentleman, he said, "Well, desirable neighbour, I am dying in that way that may confirm that God is good. Well, well, I am near heaven." Then he fainted, and said, "This is another messenger for me."

Lady Glenorchy, on Friday, the 14th of July, 1786, was unwell, but able to converse with some friends. On Saturday morning she lay still, and although she spoke but little, she seemed remarkably composed. Somehow, in the forenoon, the curtain of her bed being drawn, Miss Hairstanes, her aunt, approaching as softly as possible, for fear of disturbing her if asleep, heard her say, "Well, if this is dying, it is the pleasantest thing imaginable."

Not long before good Mrs. Trotter terminated her earthly course, she was seized with a kind of convulsive fit, in which she lay about half an hour. On coming out of it, she spoke like one in a dream—"I am coming, I am coming." In a little time, she revived, and appeared quite sensible and composed. She looked at her husband, and said, "My dear, I have been at a festival," "A festival?" replied he, "my dearest, what do you mean?" "Yes, said she, a festival, in company with the most noble personages that mortal eyes ever beheld—indeed, my dear, I cannot describe their glorious forms. I was at the coronation of the king and queen, and saw there all the glory of man; but the king and queen in their coronation robes, with their brilliant diadems, were not to be compared with these. One said, 'Sister, come away;' and a second and a third said, 'Sister, come away,' Upon which I answered, I am coming, I am

coming, I am coming. Do not you see them ? There stands one of them just behind you my dear, and at the opening of the curtain at the back of the bed, I yet see a gleam of that inexpressibly beautiful rainbow light which attended another, who has disappeared, the finest colour of the painter can give you no idea of it. O, who would wish to tarry behind." Being desired to compose herself to rest, she said, " Do not desire me ; my dear, how can I sleep, when I see death and glory so near ? O death, how serious a thing, and how awful ! nature shrinks at the prospect of the cup. Awful indeed, to appear before an infinitely holy and jealous God ; but yet a view of my Lord by faith brightens the scene, and dispels my fears. O, glory, how delightful even in contemplation ! death is but a bridge, a step, when I look at the land of glory on the other side. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, make no long tarrying, O my God."

*Testimony to Religion.*—The following epitaph on the tombstone of his Serene Highness the Duke of Wirtemberg, who died the 23rd of October, 1793, written by himself, may be considered as one among the many testimonies in favour of religion towards the close of life.

" Friend, I enjoyed the pleasures of this world in fullness. I was attracted by their charms, and blindly followed the torrent. Heaven ! What a prospect when I opened my eyes ! Days and years passed away, and the good was not thought on ! Flattery and falsehood exalted the meanest of my actions ; and the veil which covered the truth was to me a thick cloud, which the strongest rays of the benevolent sun were unable to pierce. Nothing remains now of me ; this stone covers my grave, and with it all the past. O Lord, watch over my futurity."

*Confidence in God.*—When the architect who built

the former lighthouse at Eddystone, was going one evening to visit his own work, he was warned of an approaching storm; he replied he should like nothing better than to be there in one of the most dreadful storms that ever shook heaven and earth; he had his wish, and was swept away with his work, and neither were ever seen afterwards. But the Christian is expecting a convulsion that shall shake the universe, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and yet he looks forward to it, saying, "I am not ashamed, for I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep what I have committed unto him until the great day.—*Dr. Bennett.*

PRAYER is the mighty lever which moves both heaven and earth. Prayer is the friend who introduces the soul of the believer into the immediate presence of God. Prayer, like an eagle, mounts the lofty skies, and draws down the supplies of providence and grace for the poor pilgrim travelling through this howling wilderness.—*Rev. J. Wilcox.*

*Prayer Neglected.*—Well has a pious writer remarked with reference to prayer, "If neglected once, another and another excuse will arise for neglecting it again and again; a chain with one link broken no longer binds, and a habit of duty once broken, may cease to be a habit.

FAITH is a burning glass, which receives the beams of God's love, and inflames the heart with love to him again, till, mounting up in fervent prayers, love reaches its original, and rests for ever in love.—*Baxter.*

*The Pearl of Great Price.*—An English merchant, when abroad, married a native of Java. She could not speak English, nor did she know anything of English customs. But she brought a large fortune, and he

thought little of her unfitness to make him a suitable helpmate and friend. You may easily conceive too how little at home she would feel in England, far away from her own country and friends, midst every thing that was strange to her. Nearly the whole of her time was spent in playing with her children, of whom she was very fond, and decking herself out in her jewels and pearls, of which she had a large and costly collection. Often she would call for her treasure box, and amuse herself by looking first at a fine necklace, then at a beautiful pair of ear rings; and then she would hold them up to see them glitter in the sun. Her heart, and the thoughts of it, were where her treasure was; and she thought there was little happiness beyond the contents of her box, and such like stores. It happened one day, that her old Scotch nurse was in her room; and in her broken English she said to her, "Nurse, this poor place—poor place." "Why, ma'am?" (asked the nurse.) "Me look out of the window, and see no women in the street with jewels on—no jewels to be seen. In my country, all covered with diamonds and pearls. We dig into the hills in our country, and we get gold and silver and precious jewels; you dig into your hills and get nothing but stones." The nurse replied, "Oh yes, ma'am, we have a pearl in our country—a pearl of great price." The Javanese lady caught her words with eagerness and surprise. "Pearl of great price! Have you indeed? Oh, that my husband was come home; he buy me this pearl; me part with all my pearls when he come home, to get this pearl of so great price." "Oh," replied the nurse, "this pearl is not to wear. It is a precious pearl indeed; and they who have it, cannot lose it. They who have it are at peace, and have all they wish for." "Indeed," said the astonished lady, "what can this pearl be?" The nurse then, in her simple way, spake to her of Jesus. "The pearl," said she, "is the Lord Jesus, and the saying that he came

into the world to save sinners. All who truly receive this saying, and have Christ in their hearts as the hope of glory, have that which makes them rich and happy, whatever else they want; and so precious is Christ to them, that they count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of him." It pleased God to bless the nurse's words. The eyes of her mistress were opened on a new world of treasures, and she became a new creature in Christ Jesus. This world's gems ceased to shine and to attract, just as the stars lose their brightness before the morning sun. Some months after the lady died; and on her death bed she desired her jewels might be sold, and the produce go towards sending the pearl of great price to those in far countries, who have it not. She felt its value, and she wished that all the world might feel it too.

*The Passing Bell.*—So called, because the defunct has passed from one state to another, owes its origin to an idea of sanctity attached to bells, by the early Catholics, who believed that these holy instruments of percussion, actually drove the devil away from the soul of the departed.—*Etymological Compendium.*

*Conversion of Prince Christopher Radzivil.*—The conversion of Prince Christopher Radzivil, cousin to Nicholas, and brother to the Queen Palatine of Wilna, is so singular and so well attested, and so much to the purpose, that it would be improper to omit it. This gentleman being extremely sorry that a prince of his family had embraced that religion, (the Roman Catholic) went to Rome and paid all imaginable honours to the Pope. The Roman Pontiff being also desirous to qualify him in a peculiar manner, gave him at his departure, a box filled with relics. Having returned to his house, and the news of these relics being spread abroad, certain friars

some months after, came and told this prince that a man was possessed with the devil, who had been exorcised to no purpose ; they therefore besought him for the sake of the unhappy wretch, to lend them the precious relics which he had brought from Rome. The prince granted them very readily, upon which they were carried to church in solemn pomp, the monks all going in procession on that occasion. At last they were laid on the altar, and on the day appointed, a numberless multitude of people flocked to this show ; after the usual exorcisms, the relics were applied. At that very instant, the pretended spirit came out of the body of the man, with the usual postures and grimaces. Every one cried out, 'A miracle !' and the prince lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, to return thanks for bringing home so holy a thing which performed such miracles. But some days after, as he was in that transport of admiration and joy, and was bestowing the highest eulogiums on the virtue of these relics, he observed, that a young gentleman of his household, who had the keeping of that rich treasure, began to smile and make gestures, which showed he only laughed at his words, 'The prince flew into a passion, and would know the reason of his derision. A promise being made to that gentleman, that no harm should be done him, he declared secretly to the prince, that in their return from Rome, he had lost the box of relics which had been given him to keep, and that not daring to divulge this for fear of punishment, he had found means to get one like it, which he had filled with the little bones of beasts, and such trifles as resembled the relics he had lost : that seeing so much honour was paid to that vile heap of filth, and that they even ascribed to it the virtue of driving away devils, he had just cause to wonder at it. The prince believed this story to be true, and, nevertheless being desirous of getting further light into this imposture, he sent for the monks the very next

day, and desired them to enquire whether there were any more demoniacs who wanted the assistance of his relics. A few days after they brought him another man possessed with an evil spirit, who acted the same part with him who had appeared before. The prince commanded him to be exorcised in his presence ; but as all the exorcisms which were employed on this occasion proved ineffectual, he ordered that the man should stay in his house until the next day, and bid the monks withdraw. After they were gone, he put the demoniac among his Tartarian grooms, who, pursuant to the orders which had been given them, first exhorted him to confess the cheat, but as he persisted obstinately in it, still making his furious and dreadful gestures, six of them chastened him so severely with rods and scourges, that he was obliged to implore the prince's mercy, who pardoned him the instant he had confessed the truth. The next morning the prince sent for the friars, when the wretch in question, throwing himself at his feet, protested that he was not possessed, and had never been so, but that these friars had forced him to act the part of one who was so. The monks at first besought the prince not to believe this, saying that it was an artifice of the devil, who spoke through that man's mouth. But the prince answered, that if the Tartarians had been able to force the devil to tell truth, they would also be able to extort it from the mouth of those friars. Now, these monks seeing themselves put to it in this manner, confessed the imposture, saying, that they had done all this with a good intention, and to check the progress of heresy. But the prince offered up his hearty prayers to God for having been so gracious as to discover such an imposture ; and now entertaining a suspicion of a religion which was defended by such diabolical practices, though they went by the name of pious frauds, said that he would no longer depend on any person for his salvation, and thereupon began to read the scriptures with

unparalleled assiduity. In six months time, all which he spent in reading and prayer, he made a wonderful progress in piety, and in the knowledge of the mystery of the gospel; after which he himself with his whole family, professed the protestant religion, in fifteen hundred and sixty-four."—*Taken from Robert Robinson's Ecclesiastical Researches.*

*Irish Boy and Catholic Priest.*—An Irish catholic married a protestant wife, and the fruit of their union was a fine boy; who, as he grew up exhibited a strong inclination to attend the worship of the protestants. His father was much displeased at discovering this preference, and took many methods to induce him to go with him to mass.—The youth however persisted in his refusal; and began to be seriously concerned for the salvation of his immortal soul. The protestant minister, on whose labours he usually attended, noticed his steady conduct and serious deportment; and to encourage him to persevere, gave him a bible. The father's anger was increased by this present, and he used both threatenings and violence to induce his son to leave the heretics. Finding all his efforts ineffectual, he determined one Lord's-day morning, to compel him to attend at mass. He therefore with the assistance of some of his neighbours dragged the boy to the popish chapel; and placing him before the priest, begged him to absolve him. "I cannot absolve him," said the priest, "unless he first confess his sins." The youth having by this time in some measure recovered his spirits, the following dialogue ensued:—

*Boy.*—"And pray, sir, suppose I were willing to confess, what do you charge for hearing me?" *Priest.* "I only charge you a shilling." *B.* "And must all men confess and pay for it?" *P.* "Yes, all good catholics." *B.* "To whom do you confess?" *P.* "To the deacon."

B. "What does he charge you?" P. "A shilling." B. "And do your deacons confess?" P. "Yes, boy; they confess to the bishops and pay well for it." B. "Pray, then, do the bishops confess and pay?" P. "Why, yes, they confess and pay to the pope of Rome." B. "This is all very odd, Sir; but does the pope confess?" P. "Oh yes; the pope confesses to God." B. "And does God charge the pope a shilling?" P. "No, child: God charges nothing." B. "O, then, God is the best: he is able and willing to forgive those who confess to him. To him therefore will I confess, and save my shilling."—*Baptist Repository*, 1826.

*Heroic Females.*—How noble, how heroically, have women borne persecution and death for the name of the Lord Jesus! Julitta said, "We women ought to be as strong and constant as men in Christ's cause;" and so they were. Lady Jane Grey, when about to be beheaded, being requested by the Lieutenant of the Tower to write her symbol in his book, wrote the following:—"Let the glassy condition of this life never deceive thee; there is a time to be born, and a time to die; but the day of death is better than the day of birth." Alice Drymer, when the chain was placed about her neck, remarked, "Here's a goodly neckerchief! God be praised for it!" Elizabeth Folkes embracing the stake, said, "Farewell, all the world; farewell, faith; farewell hope; and welcome love." Michaela Caignola, a noble matron, seeing her judges look out of the windows, said to her fellow-martyrs, "These stay to suffer the torment of their consciences, but we are going to glory and happiness." And certain poor women, that were weeping and crying, "Oh, madam, we shall never now have more alms!" "Yes" she replied, "hold you once more;" and plucked off her slippers, and gave them, with such other parts of her apparel as could with propriety be spared from the

fire. Joan said to her husband, who was at the stake with her, "Be of good cheer; our wedding was but a shadow, an earnest and contract of that solemn and blessed marriage which the Lamb will now consummate." Anne Audebert exclaimed, "Blessed be God for the wedding girdle, (meaning the chain;) my first marriage was on the Lord's day, and now my second to my spouse and Lord Jesus Christ shall be on the same." Windelmuta said to one that told her that she had not yet tasted how bitter death was. "No" said she, "neither ever shall I, for so much hath Christ promised to all that keep his word; neither will I forsake him for sweet life, or bitter death."

*Dreadful Effects of Intemperance.*—There lived a man in the United States of America, on the island called Wolf's, or grand island, in the river St. Lawrence, who had been early addicted to habits of dissipation; but was somewhat guarded and prudent till he was married. He then gave himself up to his cups and carousals, neglecting his business, scattering and destroying and spending much of his time in the town of Kingston, a place noted for intemperance and gambling. It was not long before the last of his property tottered on a single card. He had sold the clothing out of his own house for rum, and his wife was left to contend with poverty and despair. He not only seemed to have forgotten to provide for his family, but it had become his delight to rob his forsaken wife of every little comfort she might earn, or receive from a benevolent friend. He lived on the west side of the island, in a log hut. It stood upon a rise exposed to the northern blast, that swept along the entire length of Lake Ontario. Almost perpetually the howling tempest beat upon the lonely and shattered dwelling. The rolling waves of the Ontario were seen at a distance, dashing their foam upon huge banks of ice; and the

war of waters and storm added to the dismal gloom that reigned within a drunkard's home.

Here lived the unfortunate woman, who had been married and confined to the prison-house of a drunkard, near five years. Two infant children demanded her attention and her tears, the youngest of which was but a few weeks old, when its mother fell a victim to neglect and despair. When her infant was but ten days old, she was under the necessity of going out through drift and snow, and piercing winds, to gather fuel to keep her from freezing; her husband being gone on a drunken frolic. She took a severe cold, and was soon confined to a bed of straw. No longer able to walk, or even to sit up, early one morning, as her husband was setting off to the tavern to keep the day, she expostulated with him, and endeavoured to impress upon his mind her distressed and critical condition. She seemed to succeed; but oh! delusive hope! She told him she must have assistance soon, or her stay in the land of the living was short. He seemed to feel. She prevailed on him to go for medical aid. He crossed the river St. Lawrence, on the ice to Kingston, (a distance of four miles,) and obtained a vial of medicine at the apothecary's store, and left in haste for his sick family. He was returning with apparent concern, and was passing the corner of the street, when one of his associates in profligacy, looking through the window of a contemptible grog shop, saw his comrade passing, and called him in to take something to drink. Although this inebriate knew that the relief, if not the life of his family, depended on his return, yet on hearing the sound of rum, and an invitation to partake of the crimson poison, he soon forgot his suffering wife and helpless infants, left by him in the jaws of death. He entered the sink of woe and crime, where demons in human form are wont to meet and hold midnight revelry. Here he remained in drunken frolic several days, during

which it was extremely cold, and there was a heavy fall of snow. No one called at his house during the storm, supposing that he was at home with his family. The fire was out; no friend to render assistance. On her bed of straw, with an infant on each arm, and a few shreds of covering, lay the sufferer, pierced with hunger and cold. The bed, fire-place, and floor, were all covered to some depth by the drifting snow. On the third or fourth day, he returned with a little medicine and a bottle of rum. The snow had so drifted, it was with great difficulty he entered his house. All within was silent as the house of death. It is said the fingers of the eldest babe were stiffened to marble, and the tear-drop had frozen on the infant's cheek. His wife neither smiled nor wept. Life still flickered with them all. In this situation he found his neglected and perishing family. He was intoxicated when he returned—set his medicine and bottle of rum on the shelf, and immediately left for his father's, (about half a mile distant,) told his mother the fire had gone out, and his wife was at home sick, and wished she would go over and see her; and at the same time, stepping into his father's barn, took a glass of brandy. As he came out, he staggered and fell, and there spent the afternoon. His mother was given to habits of intemperance, and was then under the influence of ardent spirits. However, with fire and fuel, she set off to visit the abode of distress. She found the wife and children speechless, frozen, and apparently in the sleep of death. With some difficulty she made a fire, threw a brick and stone into the flames, and while they were heating, she discovered the bottle of rum. Being exceedingly chilled, she drank freely of it, and thought it would do her good, but it only deprived her of reason. By this time the brick and stone had become very warm, and the drunken mother applied them to the naked feet of the dying woman. In about thirty minutes she expired.

“ It fell to my lot,” said the narrator, “ to deliver the funeral discourse of this unfortunate female. The feelings of my heart on the occasion, I will not attempt to describe. When the lid of the coffin was removed, and many weeping eyes were cast in painful looks on her, who had fallen a victim to the casualties of intemperance, I saw her husband, the author of her hapless fate, stagger up to the coffin, and to all appearance, with a heart as unmoved, and an eye as tearless as the cold and lovely form on which he fixed his drunken gaze. We all proceeded to the burying-ground ; and I felt a pleasure in seeing the coffin consigned to its peaceful abode. But when I had dismissed the audience, I saw that drunken maniac stagger over the fresh grave of his bosom companion. My heart failed and spirits moved within me. and I could not refrain exclaiming—“ Almighty God, if it is thy will that man should suffer in this life, impose on me what evils it seemeth good in thy sight ; let me live in the cottage of poverty all my days, and have nought but the bread of sorrow to eat ; and when I am thirsting on a dry and parched desert, let me find no water but mine own bitter tears ; and when my enemies pursue, me and seek my reputation and my life, and I fly for protection to my last friend, let that friend forsake me ; let all this come upon me if I must suffer, but Oh ! gracious heaven, deliver me from the all-devouring and overwhelming fate of the drunkard.”—*Rev. T. Applegate.*

ALEXANDER the Great commanded a celebrated painter to take a sketch of him, in order to perpetuate his likeness for his country and for posterity ; the painter's genius was exercised how to execute a likeness of the monarch, and yet conceal a scar, which Alexander in the course of his many battles had received upon his brow—an obvious deformity ; in order to do so, he represented the monarch seated upon his throne, with his first finger

upon his brow, in the attitude of meditation, the finger apparently by accident covering the scar.

*The Christian Triumph.*

Our bondage it will end by-and-by—  
From Egypt's yoke set free ;  
Hail the glorious jubilee,  
And to Canaan we'll return by-and-by.

Our deliverer he will come by-and-by ;  
Our sorrows have an end  
With our three-score years and ten,  
And vast glory crown the day by-and-by.

Our enemies are strong—we'll go on—  
Our hearts dissolve with fear :  
Lo, Sinai's God is near -  
Whilst the fiery pillar moves we'll go on.

Through Marah's bitter streams we'll go on,  
Though Baca's vale be dry  
And the land yield no supply,  
To a land of corn and wine we'll go on.

And when to Jordan's flood we have come—  
Jehovah rules the tide,  
And the waters he'll divide,  
While the ransom'd host shall shout we have come.

There friends we'll meet again who have lov'd,  
Our embraces will be sweet,  
At the dear Redeemer's feet,  
When we meet to part no more who have lov'd.

There with the happy throng we'll rejoice,  
Shout glory to our King,  
While the Heavenly arches ring,  
And to all eternity we'll rejoice.

*Rev. J. Matfin.*

*Rev. Henry Martyn.*—When this excellent and pious man was going out to India, the vessel touched at Madeira, and a physician who knew him, said to him,

" Henry, why are you attempting to go out to India ? It is madness ; I am sure you will not live long." " How long," said he coolly, " do you think I may live ?" " Why, I will give you seven years," said the physician. " Oh," said he, " do you think I shall live seven years ? How ought those seven years to be spent for Jesus Christ ?"—*Rev. J. Sherman.*

*Epitaph on a Polite Gentleman.*

Stop, passenger, and lend an ear,  
The man of compliments lies here,  
Who gain'd the world's caresses :  
Whose bright accomplishments we find,  
Kept him from faults of vulgar kind,  
And all their sad distresses.

But ah ! the fickle state of man,  
View now the finished gentleman.  
Amazing alteration !  
Behold him trampled under feet,  
Whom crowds have bowed to in the street,  
And view'd with admiration.

How came this mighty change to pass ;  
Stay, and I'll tell thee how it was,  
And as thou hear'st, take warning ;  
What chanced to him, may chance to thee,  
For such disasters oft we see,  
O'ertake the most discerning.

Death met him in a crowd one day,  
Abruptly, and would not give way,  
Nor pass, as poor and great went,  
" Well," said the beau, " I never met  
" In all my life, I vow, as yet,  
" With such uncivil treatment.

" If we must have an interview,  
" You might have done as others do,  
" Given previous intimation ;  
" Surely, at least, you might have sent  
" Some kind of card of compliment,  
" By way of preparation."

"I've sent you many cards," said Death,  
 "With me 'tis vain to spend thy breath,  
 "I now must stop thy nonsense ;  
 "Must I submit to ask thy leave,  
 "Who to my calls hast been so deaf,  
 "As to the voice of conscience ?

"Thou man of compliments must die !"  
 So saying, Death his dart let fly,  
 And slew him unpolitely ;  
 An end was put to all his joys,  
 And here his breathless carcass lies,  
 That us'd to move so sprightly.

As to his spirit, where 'tis fled,  
 Perhaps you'll guess, from what I've said,  
 'Tis doom'd to black perdition ;  
 Nay, but, my friend, I never meant  
 To tell thee where his spirit went,  
 Mind thou thine own condition.

*G. Hair.*

PAULINUS, when they told him that the Goths had sacked Nola, and plundered him of all he had, lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "Lord, thou knowest where I have laid up my treasure."

*Consolation of the Bible.*—A young woman, who had received scriptural instruction in a sabbath school, and who had the precious truths of the Bible stored up in her mind, was, by a sudden attack of illness, deprived both of sight and hearing, which all the medical persons to whom she was taken, gave no hope of being restored to her. She became inconsolable—none knew how to comfort her ; could she have read, or heard the blessed Bible, they would have read or spread its sacred pages before her. At last a happy thought occurred to one who witnessed her distress. He took the Bible and placed it on her bosom. She felt it and said, "That book is my only comfort." She began to repeat passages from it. She

wiped away her tears ; nor was she ever after seen to weep on account of her afflictions. She had become one of the happiest of creatures, and often spoke of the exalted delight she experienced in communion with her God.

*A Negro Boy's opinion of the Popish Mass.*—When the Duke of Buckingham was sent ambassador from the King to Paris, in 1670, he took over with him a young negro boy who was just able to make himself understood in English ; and this boy, one holyday morning, went along with some of the Duke's gentlemen, to see the curiosities of so remarkable a city ; and all of them at last went to Notre Dame church, as the priest was celebrating mass. At the high mass, the lad was perfectly surprised ; he was struck with their rich habits and fine music ; and when the priest came to the elevation, he asked one of the gentlemen, what that white thing was which the man in a party-coloured coat held up in his fingers. " Why," replied he, " these people believe it to be God Almighty." Not long after, at the side of the altar, he saw a priest giving the wafer to a number of people on their knees, and putting it into their mouths. " What," cried he to the gentleman, " do they eat their God, after they have solemnly worshipped him ? " " Yes," answered he, " this is their belief." The boy was so strangely confounded at what he had observed, that he spoke not a syllable when he came home, but was musing by himself. The Duke could not but take notice of this alteration in him at dinner. " So, Tom," said he to him, " what is the matter with thee ? if thou art ill, go down to the housekeeper." " No," cried he, " I am not sick, but I saw a very odd sight this morning, which I cannot help thinking on ; I saw a man in fine clothes show the people God, and then they fell upon their knees, and beat their breasts ; and afterwards I saw this man put God into their mouths, and they swallowed him."

"Well," said the Duke, and where is the harm of that Tom?" "I dont know," said the boy, "why they should eat God since he does us no harm; but if they have the same power over the devil, I wish we had a hundred or two of these fine men in our country, to eat the devil for us, for he is so mischievous that we should be glad to get rid of him at any rate." This reflection, a poor ignorant lad just come from Guinea, made of himself; which plainly proves how abhorrent even to rude, uncultivated nature, the abominable, absurd, and unscriptural doctrine of the mass is.—*Gospel Magazine*, 1782.

DR. CHALMERS is, in truth, in every respect, an extraordinary man. With neither appearance, nor manner, nor voice to recommend him, yet, by the sheer weight and vigour of his talents, he impresses even his defects into his service, and compels them to minister to the effect of his oratory. Who that ever beheld this mighty man of God enter the pulpit of St. John's, with his wan features—

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,"

and his large light-blue eyes half closed, as if looking in upon the busy world of his creative mind, and heard the first weak and grating sounds of his broad provincial dialect, and witnessed the rude awkward gestures with which he commences his holy orations, would expect the subsequent thundering and lightening of his irresistible genius, which, flash after flash, and peal after peal, burst upon his rapt and astonished audience? His looks, his tones, his gesture, warmed and illuminated by an imagination which roams unconstrained through heaven, earth, and hell, all speak to the heart a language which cannot be mistaken. In fact, his rudest peculiarity, in those moments of lofty enthusiasm, and, shall I call it, holy frenzy? seems but to increase the effect.

In the height of his animation he strikes the pulpit

without even the semblance of a grace ; but he does it with such a nerved and bracing sincerity, that it drives, as it were, the accompanying expression right home to the heart ; and his eyes, beaming and brightening with the fire of inspiration, seem to throw a light around his words which flashes conviction upon the soul ; and his voice mellowed by the depth and intensity of his feelings, falls this moment upon the wounded spirit as softly and sweetly as distant music ; and then, anon, it rushes upon the hard and unyielding heart with all the force and velocity of the roaring cataract.

As if he intended to surprise his hearers, he commences like the low whispering breezes of a vernal morning ; and before they are aware, bursts out upon them with the suddenness and force of a north-west hurricane. In fact, he always commences in a low, monotonous manner, which seems calculated to exhibit nothing but his defects, but then he advances from sentence to sentence, and from paragraph to paragraph, like a person walking up an ascending platform, and that too with gigantic strides, until his audience are delighted and astonished, and almost persuaded to become christians. And yet there is about him no trick, nor the least appearance of endeavour ; for he throws his whole soul, as it were, without premeditation, into the midst of his subject, and it carries directly to his people's heart.

He never whines ; for though his large blue eye rolls in a flood of tenderness, and his voice is softened into the tremulous melody of the deepest feeling, yet he is manly and dignified. In truth, whining is the effect of a determination in the speaker to appear more engaged than he is in reality ; but Chalmers is, in reality, too much engaged to think of such a scheme ; cast upon the lashing and foaming surges of his own oratory, he is borne along and aloft, with a velocity too impetuous and irresistible to give him time to turn to the right or to the left.

Another thing remarkable in this great orator is, the manner in which he keeps himself in the back-ground when he is offering Christ to his fellow-men. Like the apostle Peter, he walks upon the swelling waters ; but so visible is the presence of the Creator, and so direct does his agency appear in it, that we think of the miracle only to adore the God who works it.

“What do you think of Dr. Chalmers ?” said one of his ardent admirers to a distinguished stranger, who had heard him for the first time.

“Think of him ?” said the stranger, “why he has made me think so much of Jesus that I had no time to think of him.”

Perhaps my description of the wonderful force of this man's oratory will be better understood by the following anecdote, which I had, when in Scotland, from the best authority. Some time after the promulgation of his fame he preached in London, on a public occasion, in Rowland Hill's circular chapel. His audience was numerous, and principally of the higher circles. Upwards of one hundred clergymen were present, to whom the front seats in the gallery were appropriated. In the midst of these sat Mr. Hill himself, in a state of great anxiety, arising from his hopes and fears. He had indulged many hopes upon the accession to the standard of Jesus of an orator so evangelical as Chalmers ; and yet his fears lest he should not succeed before an audience so refined and critical were very distressing. In fact, he felt as if the cause of Christ would be materially benefitted or injured that day ; and as that cause was very near to his heart, it is not strange that his feelings were deeply and tenderly interested.

The doctor, as usual, began in his low, monotonous tone, and his broad provincial dialect was visibly disagreeable to the delicate ears of his metropolitan audience. Poor Mr. Hill was now upon the rack ; but the man of

God having thrown his chain around the audience, took an unguarded moment to touch it with the electric fluid of his oratory ; and, in a moment, every heart began to throb, and every eye to fill. Knowing well how to take advantage of this bold stroke, he continued to ascend ; and so majestic and rapid was his flight, that in a few moments he obtained an eminence so high, that every imagination was enraptured ; while the heart, palpitating betwixt fear and pleasure, endeavoured to suppress its own beating to hear him, though he was speaking in thunder. The rapid change from depression to ecstasy which Mr. Hill experienced, was too much for him to bear ; he felt so bewildered and intoxicated with joy, that unconsciously, he started up from his seat, and, before his brethren could interfere, he struck the front of the gallery with his clenched fist, and roared out with a stentorian voice, " Well done, Chalmers !"—*From a paper in an American periodical for April, 1826, entitled, " Transatlantic Recollections."*

*A worthy Bishop who died lately at Ratisbon*, had for his arms, two field fares, with the motto, " Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing ? " This strange coat of arms had often excited attention, and many persons had wished to know its origin, as it was generally reported that the bishop had chosen it for himself, and that it bore reference to some event in his early life. One day an intimate friend asked him its meaning, and the bishop replied by relating the following story. " Fifty or sixty years ago, a little boy resided at a little village near Dillengen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and almost as soon as the boy could walk, he was sent into the woods to pick up sticks for fuel. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick the juniper berries, and carry them to the neighbouring distiller, who wanted them to make hollands. Day by day the poor boy

went to his task, and on his road he passed by the open windows of the village school, where he saw the schoolmaster teaching a number of boys of about the same age as himself. He looked at these boys with feelings almost of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. He knew it was in vain to ask his father to send him to school, for he knew that his parents had no money to pay the schoolmaster ; and he often wished that he could do something by which he would be enabled to go to school. One day he saw one of the schoolboys setting a bird-trap, and he asked what it was for. The boy told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of field fares, and that they were setting the trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper wood, where they came to eat the berries, and he had no doubt but he could catch some. The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother ; and when he went to the wood, had the great delight to catch two field fares. He put them in the basket, and tying an old handkerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster's house. Just as he arrived at the door, he saw the two little boys who had been setting the trap, and with some alarm he asked them if they had caught any birds. They answered in the negative, and the boy, his heart beating with joy, gained admittance into the schoolmaster's presence. In a few words, he told how he had seen the boys setting the trap, and how he had caught the birds, to bring them as a present to his master. ' A present, my good boy ? ' cried the schoolmaster, ' you do not look as if you could afford to make presents. Tell me your price, and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides.' ' I would rather give them to you, sir, if you please,' said the boy. The schoolmaster looked at the boy as he stood before him, with bare head and feet, and ragged trousers that reached only half way down his naked legs. ' You

are a very singular boy,' said he, 'but if you will not take money, you must tell me what I can do for you, as I cannot accept your present without doing something for it in return; is there anything I can do for you?' 'Oh, yes,' said the boy, trembling with delight, 'you can do for me what I should like better than anything else,' 'What is that?' said the schoolmaster, smiling. 'Teach me to read,' cried the boy, falling on his knees, 'oh, dear kind sir, teach me to read.' The schoolmaster complied. The boy came to him at all his leisure hours, and learnt so rapidly, that the schoolmaster recommended him to a nobleman who resided in the neighbourhood. This gentleman, who was as noble in his mind as in his birth, patronised the poor boy, and sent him to school at Ratisbon. The boy profited by his opportunities, and when he rose, as he soon did, to wealth and honours, adopted two field fares as his arms. 'What do you mean?' cried the bishop's friend. 'I mean,' returned the bishop, with a smile, 'that the poor boy was myself.'"—*Rev. J. Sole.*

*Recognition in a Future World.*—An old Welsh minister, while one day pursuing his studies, his wife being in the room, was suddenly interrupted by her asking him a question, which has not always been so satisfactorily answered. "John Evans, do you think we shall be known to each other in heaven." Without hesitation he replied, "to be sure we shall, do you think we shall be greater fools there than we are here."—*Rev. J. Speed.*

*Death of the Sinner.*—The death-bed of a sinner :—what a scene ! New horrors now break upon him ; his companions in iniquity either forsake him, or vainly or jocosely speak of his recovery ; the christian minister stands appalled ; and the dying man's eye is fixed in glassy stupefaction, or in widening terror ; the flaming

sword of justice seems to gleam perpendicular before him ; he hears the footsteps of the Judge at the door ; death appears to be adjusting the balance of his javelin ; the trembling nurse looks paler than before ; the candle burns dimly, and the sands in the hour-glass are nearly out ; conscience hangs upon the curtain before him, a catalogue of unatoned crimes ; the minister utters a prayer, but turning afterwards to console the culprit, beholds him lifeless, with eyes uprolled, and unutterable alarm impressed on his ghastly countenance.

*The Travelling Preacher.*

Behold a man of piety and zeal,  
Opening a mission for the public weal ;  
With Bible in his pocket, staff in hand,  
He takes his journey over sea and land.  
While some sit smoking in an elbow chair,  
He reads and studies with an heart to prayer ;  
While they neglect their duty for a shower,  
He labours to the utmost of his power ;  
While they must have an hackney or a gig,  
To ride at ease and look a little big,  
He goes on foot, and travels on his way,  
Without the danger or expense to pay.  
And when he comes unto his journey's end,  
He meets an hearty welcome from his friend ;  
No lumber with his carriage or his horse,  
No boots to clean to make the servant cross,  
No hay to seek, no provender to buy,  
No shed to build to keep his carriage dry,  
No extra trouble, cost, or care,  
But all united feed on common fare ;  
Ready for business, or to go or stay,  
Whatever duty calls are in his way.

*Rev. J. Speed.*

*Reward of Apostacy.*—Bitter is the profit that apostates receive. Ask Balaam—ask Judas, who, with all their knowledge of truth and of the Saviour, were rotten

at the core—ask them what were the mighty benefits they derived from their delinquency? Go to Leicester and mark the crest-fallen Wolsey, and he will tell you, “Had I served my God as diligently as I have served my king, he would not have forsaken me in the hour of my extremity.” Would John Knox, would Luther, would Cranmer, or any of the worthies that grace the pages of church history, would they have spoken in this manner at the hour of their dying?—*Dr. Waugh.*

*Pity.*

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,  
 No gem that sparkling hangs from beauty's ears,  
 Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,  
 Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn,  
 Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks  
 For other's woe down virtue's manly cheeks.

*Passage of a Letter from Leangafa, a converted Chinese.*—“The Chinese are glued fast to ten thousand forms of idols; the root is deep, the stem is strong; to eradicate it suddenly will not be easy, therefore, I hope that all believers in Jesus, the Lord, will increase in benevolence, till all nations become one family, and the Gospel be spread throughout the world.”

*London.*—In the parishes within eight miles of St. Paul's Cathedral, there is a million and a half of the population who never attend any public places of worship. What a wide field is still open for christian exertion.

*The Rigid Quaker silenced.*—A rigid quaker one day said to his female servant, whom he was in the habit of bantering for going regularly to worship God at the parish church, “B——, where dost thou find it written in the scriptures, that priests ought to wear white surplices?” “I find,” she replied, “that those who are

made kings and priests unto God, and serve him in his temple above, are 'arrayed in white robes.' Surely, therefore, I need not object to worship in his temple below, with a servant of his who is clothed in white. But now, master, if you please, let me in return ask you a question:—Pray where is it written in the scriptures, that men ought to wear broad brims? There was no reply, he sneaked away in silence.

*Procrastination.*—An Italian sonnet, justly as well as elegantly, compares procrastination to the folly of a traveller who pursues a brook till it widens into a river, and is lost in the sea.

*Annual Expenditure for Gin in London.*—It is a melancholy fact, that six times as much money is annually expended for gin in London, as the amount raised for the support of all the benevolent institutions in our highly favoured land. What a blot is this upon a christian country.

FINIS.



